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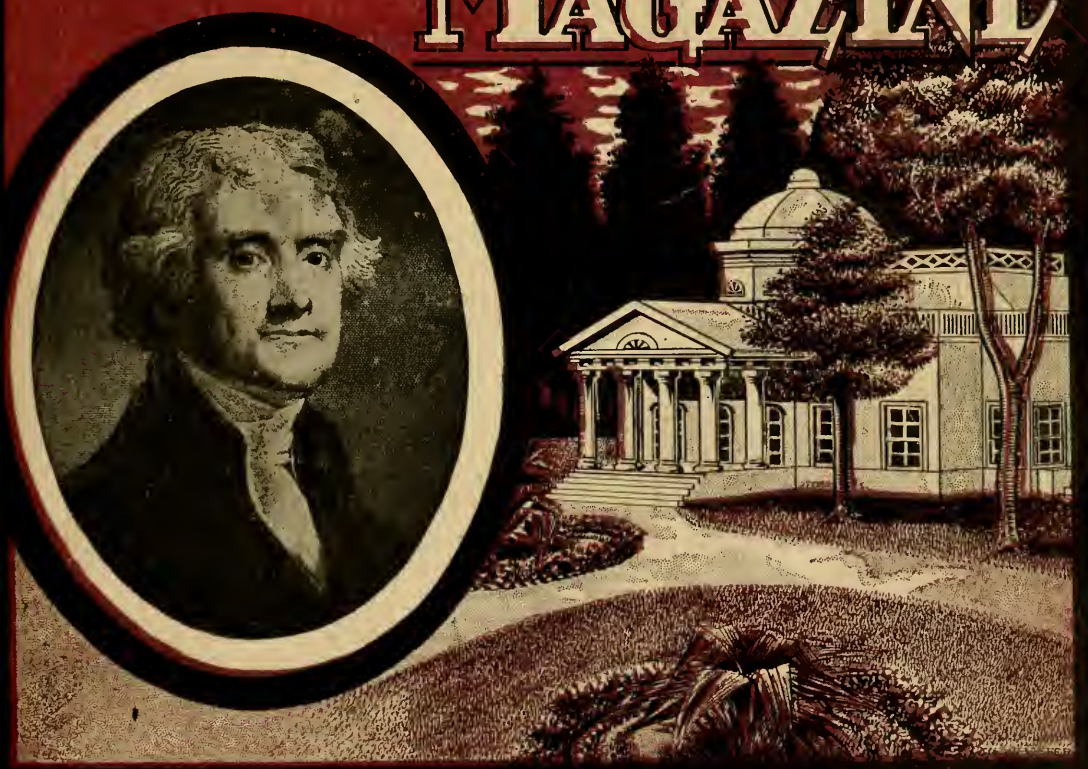

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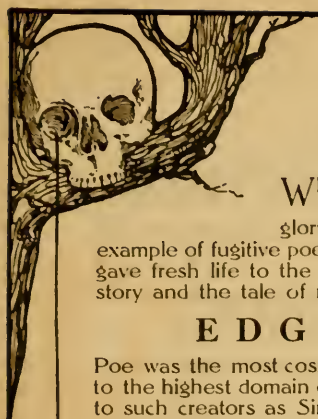

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by Elbert Hubbard

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Without his notes he is helpless

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He never misses a face

Education is only what you remember.

Every little while in business I come across a man who has a **trained memory,** and he is a joy to my soul.

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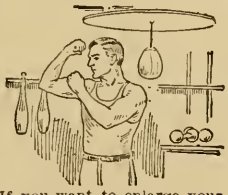

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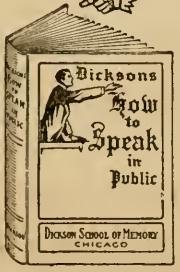

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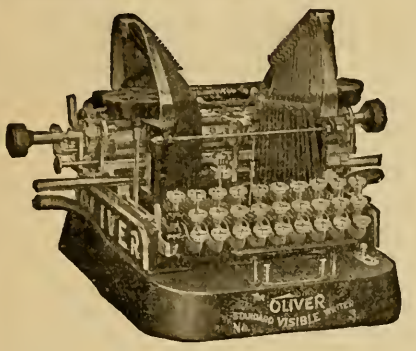

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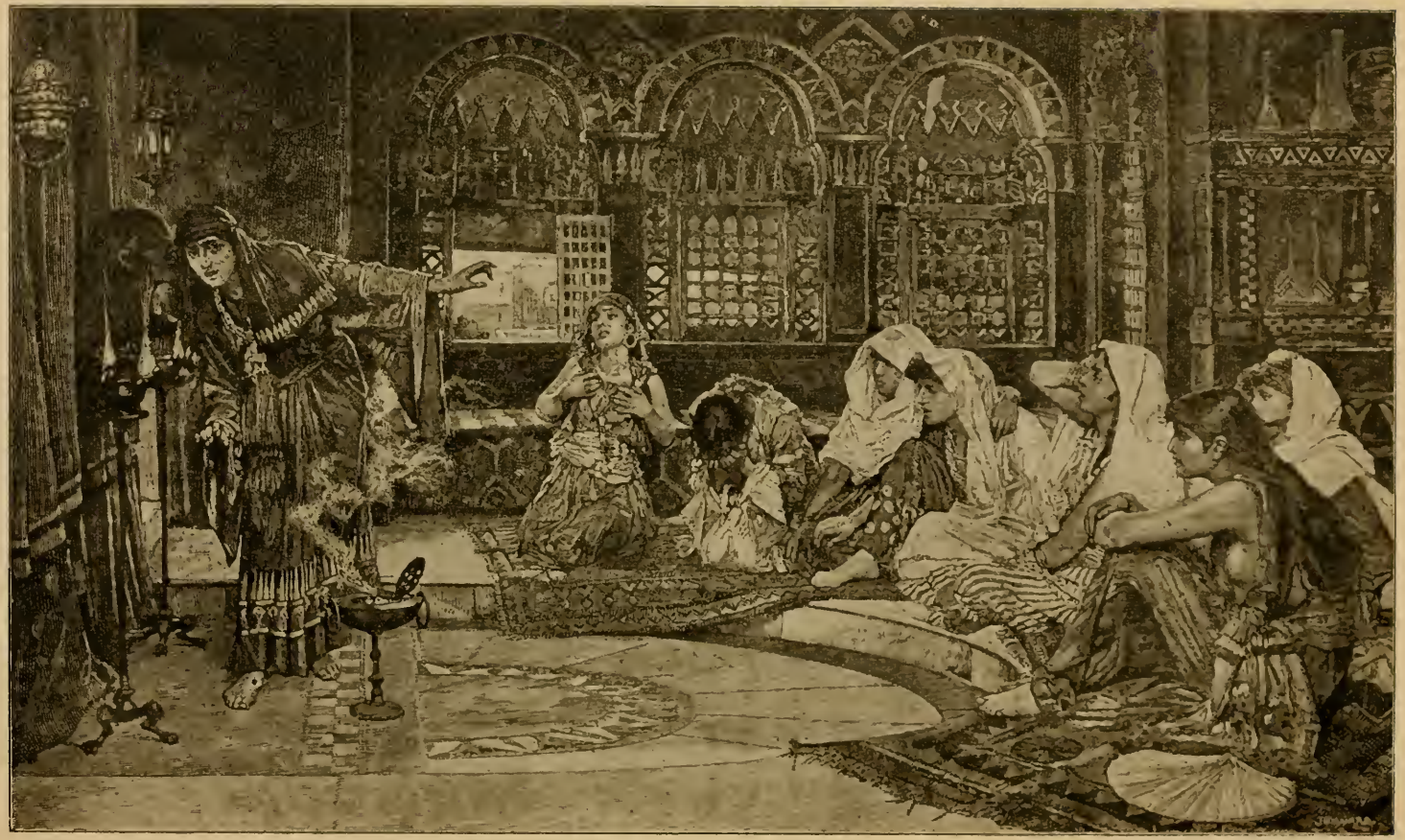


"Consulting the Oracle"

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The Story of the South and West

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH the coming of Lord Delaware, all things were changed. Factions disappeared and authority was obeyed. Confidence supplanted doubt and the grumblers became silent. I shouldn't wonder if the fact that a British peer, of noble lineage and powerful connections, had much to do with this change. John Smith had been, in the eyes of the Colonists, a mere adventurer, poor, and with common red blood in his veins; therefore he did not inspire the awe which Englishmen felt for a "Lord." In like manner, George Percy had had a rough time ruling the men, for he was but a younger son of a noble house; and, in those days, younger sons were dependents —the aristocratic law of primogeniture giving the whole inheritance to the oldest child. Ratcliffe, too, had been a destitute commoner.

No wonder the high-born and dissipated, whose relatives had shipped them off to the New World to get rid of them, should scorn their base-born rulers, and should disturb the peace of Jamestown by carousing at the Tavern and brawling in the streets.

But Lord Delaware! That was another proposition, altogether. With *his* arrival, obedience to law and respect for authority were almost inevitable, particularly so when he surrounded himself with an imposing official family—a vice-royal establishment consisting of Privy Council, Lieutenant-General, Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Master of the Horse.

When this regal outfit ordered the unruly gallants to come to order, they came to order forthwith. When it ordered all able-bodied men to go to work, they went, without standing upon the order of their going. Ding! dong! went the church bell, and out they came from hut to field —and there they labored, willy, nilly, until the church bell rang the release. From six to ten in the forenoon; from two to four in the afternoon, were the fixed hours of work. After the day's toil was done, the colonists had to attend religious services in the church. A failure to be there, excepting for providential cause, was severely punished. As already stated, non-attendance on the Sabbath day was punished by death. Did you have any idea that *the Virginia* colonists had been so rigidly righteous as all that?

It must have been a fine spectacle to have seen my Lord Delaware, rigged out in full, resplendent

court dress—and attended by his Councillors, Generals, Admirals, &c., with a guard of honor consisting of fifty halberdiers, in red cloaks—marching in pomp and state to the little 24 by 60 feet church, where he sat in the choir, on a green velvet seat, and had a velvet cushion to kneel on. George Washington himself could not have improved upon this ceremonious, impressive, awe-inspiring "style."

But the climate of Jamestown was too much for his lordship. His health gave way, and it became necessary for him to return to England (March, 1611), where he remained for seven years, and then died at sea, on his way back to Virginia.

George Percy again became Governor, and again the turbulence and the idleness broke forth. The lazy played out of their share of the work, and the industrious had them to feed. Socialism was again about to break down, when another strong hand took the reins. This was Sir Thomas Dale, the High Admiral who had gone to England and had returned with more immigrants who proved to be the worst lot yet brought over. The administration of Sir Thomas was so rigorous that the criminal element conspired against his life. At least, that was the opinion of Dale, and he acted upon it. His powers being absolute under the new charter and the new bloody code of laws, he seized the alleged ring-leaders of the malcontents and put them to death with almost incredible barbarity. One poor creature was fastened to a tree and left there to die, his tongue having been drawn so far out of his mouth that a long needle was thrust through it. There he writhed in agony, unable even to beg for mercy or to cry out. The long hours of day slowly rolled by; the blistering sun intensified his unutterable pain and his fiercely burning thirst; the moon and the stars slowly went over him at night; and the rising sun of another morning found him still alive—and then, one other day saw him dead.

That was 1611; in 1911 a mere *conspiracy* to commit murder is not punishable at all. The law (of Georgia, at least) contemplates that the conspirators *may change their minds,* and drop the conspiracy.

The inhuman Sir Thomas inflicted upon another one of the alleged conspirators the death penalty by "breaking on the wheel." That means that the victim was fastened to a tree or to a piece of timber, and that his bones were broken by repeated blows of a club, until death put an end to the sickening performance. (Of course, in Europe there were actual wheels, metallic and with jagged surface, on which the miserable wretch was bound, by Church, or by State, before the iron bar began its hideous work.)

Sir Thomas had others of the alleged conspirators hanged, or shot. As was natural, these ruthless barbarities terrified the colonists. Not until 1624, did they in their House of Burgesses find voice to express the lasting resentment which they felt for the "Scythian cruelties" of Dale.

The High Admiral had been at the head of the government because of the absence of both the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor. The

latter, Sir Thomas Gates, returned before the summer was gone, bringing with him from England another supply of provisions and 300 more immigrants. It was as late as this before the head men began to create a city on a site more salubrious than Jamestown's. The place chosen was a plateau within a loop of the James, where the land entrance was so narrow that it could easily be closed by a palisade. The town built within (Sept., 1611) was named the City of Henricus. The High Marshal, Sir Thomas Gates, built a church, store-houses, a watch-house and dwellings, so that the town had three streets. He also enclosed by palisades twelve miles of ground on the opposite side of the river. The enclosure was protected by several forts. With 350 of the immigrants, Sir Thomas had done all this work, and he now made his new city the place of his official residence. Besides Henricus this energetic High Admiral founded a city at Bermuda Hundreds.

Let us now return to Pocahontas. After Captain John Smith left Virginia, the Indian girl did not continue to visit Jamestown. Historians who are fond of romance see in this fact evidence that she had lost her little heart to the handsome and gallant Englishman. But we should remember that after the Captain's departure, hostilities broke out between the Red Men and the whites. The cunning old Powhatan was afraid to allow his favorite child to visit the English lest they should *keep her as a hostage*. That is exactly what they did do, the very first chance they got.

In 1612, Pocahontas was living on the Potomac. Why? It is a mystery. One of the old chroniclers, Strachey, states that she had been given in marriage to one of the subordinate chiefs under "King" Japasaws. According to Strachey, this subordinate chief was named Kocoum. This authority is followed by the latest of the English histories of the Thirteen Colonies, whose author is Reginald W. Jefferey, M. A., of Oxford University. Fiske, the American historian, inclines to the same conclusion. Raphe Hamor, a writer who belonged to the original colony and served under Sir Thomas Dale, states that Pocahontas, "in princely progress," went a-visiting "among her friends on the Potomac." But we know from other sources that the girl had none of her tribal companions with her; therefore I suspect that Raphe Hamor mistook his fancy for a fact. Another of the contemporaneous writers leaves the impression that she had been sent there by her father, for safe-keeping, for the statement is that she was "at Potomac, thinking herself unknown."

At all events, the girl was in the power of Japasaws; and this fact became known to Captain Samuel Argall when he (in 1612) anchored on the Potomac and went ashore to buy corn from Japasaws, as he had done on the occasion when he redeemed the young Englishman, Henry Spellman, from captivity. When Captain Argall recognized Pocahontas, the idea of kidnapping her and holding her as a hostage, at once occurred to his unscrupulous mind. The principal difficulty lay in Japasaws; how was he to be persuaded to become a party to the crime?

Captain Samuel turned the matter over in his reflections, until he bethought himself of a copper pot that he had on board. With this fascinating pot, he had confidently expected to purchase a great store of corn from his red brother, Japasaws. But why not tempt the "King" with this irresistible pot, and so entice him to sell Pocahontas? Captain Samuel Argall—an everyday church-goer of righteous Jamestown—no sooner thought of this heavenly scheme than he put it into execution.

The seductive pot was brought to land, was exhibited to the enraptured savage, was glorified as the most invaluable of all mundane pots, and was then condescendingly offered, in exchange for Pocahontas. If the girl had a husband, there might be trouble for Japasaws later on should he sell her outright. If she was his guest, he might incur the deadly enmity of Powhatan. Charmed as he was by the hypnotic pot, Japasaws dared not show his hand in the sale of the girl. So he and his Christian brother agreed on a plan that would give said brother what he was after, and which, at the same time, would leave Japasaws apparently guiltless of complicity.

Japasaws and his wife and Pocahontas were to be invited to visit Sir Samuel's ship, to satisfy their curiosity concerning so large a canoe. The girl was to be lured to some distant part of the vessel, at which time Japasaws and wife would quietly leave the deck for the rowboat, as though they believed that the girl would follow. But at that moment, the ship would set sail, taking Pocahontas away from the seemingly astonished and really helpless Japasaws and wife.

This fine and simple scheme was worked as planned; and the poor girl who had so often befriended and fed the wretched starvelings at Jamestown, was now taken there a weeping prisoner!

Great was the wrath of Powhatan. But the chief was old; he desired peace; he was perhaps afraid to attack the English; to take revenge on Japasaws would not bring back his daughter. If, indeed, he had, as was his custom, sold her in marriage, that fact would account for his inaction. He released several English prisoners—according to some chroniclers—and thus sought the release of the girl. But the English claimed that he had not surrendered *all* of their captives, and therefore they continued to hold Pocahontas.

According to other narratives, the English offered to exchange her for the prisoners, but Powhatan ignored the message. This would seem to be the correct story, for the girl complained bitterly of her father's indifference.

Thus matters rested until the spring of 1613, when Sir Thomas Dale, with 150 soldiers marched into Powhatan's country. The old Emperor was not to be found at his town of Werowocomoco. He was at some obscure retreat, away up the York river. Dale sent John Rolfe and "Master Sparks" with a message; but Powhatan refused to admit them to his presence.

Dale was justifiably incensed at this contemptuous treatment, and appeared to be determined to fall

upon the Indians, in resolute soldierly fashion; but all at once the war-clouds rolled away. Master John Rolfe, bereft of a wife not long since, would now solace himself with another; and Pocahontas, recently snatched from a husband, would now replace him with a second; so these two gaze fondly upon each other, and agree to become man and wife.

Happy solution of a critical problem! The old Emperor gives his pleased consent to the marriage; the cause of war is annihilated; the little princess, won by a colonist of high standing, will be a perpetual pledge of peace, and thus everybody in the English colonies will be benefited.

Master John Rolfe instructs his little sweetheart in the mysteries of his own religion; and, with such a teacher, her progress is rapid. She embraces his faith, is baptized and is renamed. As "Rebecca," she is married to Rolfe in the Jamestown church, April, 1613. Powhatan was not present, but he sent one of his brothers and two of his sons in token of respect and good will. The happy couple made their home on Rolfe's plantation, near Henricus; and there was born the only child of Pocahontas—a son from whom some of the proudest names in Virginia descended.

Sir Thomas Dale was a parlous creature; he who was so fierce a Christian that he would slay a fellow mortal for a mere conspiracy, and who would harshly punish absentees from daily church service, now made overtures to the venerable Powhatan *to marry the younger sister of Pocahontas*—he having one wife already in England. Powhatan refused the offer; one of his reasons being, that he had already sold the girl to another man who had gone away with her three days before Dale's messenger arrived.

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy: The Deadliest Menace to Our Liberties and Our Civilization

[For the individual Roman Catholic, who finds happiness in his faith, I have no word of unkindness. Some of my best friends are devout believers in their "Holy Father." If anything contained in the series of chapters dealing with the hierarchy causes them pain, and alienates their good will, I shall deplore it.

The Roman Catholic ORGANIZATION is the object of my profoundest detestation—NOT the belief of THE INDIVIDUAL.]

Chapter XVIII.

PARDON me for lingering, just a minute, on that absurd Mass business. The doctrine is so monumentally monstrous that it is fascinating. An ordinarily ugly man is repulsive; but when ugliness takes a form that is gigantic, colossal, phenomenal, prodigious and altogether unprecedented, we gaze upon it, spellbound. Thus, the market women of Paris used to throw up ecstatic hands, when they beheld Mirabeau; and as the ecstatic hands flew up the fascinated women would exclaim, *"O, the beautiful monster!"* In fact, all biographers agree that the great orator was so grandly, gorgeously, super-humanly hideous, that he was the greatest lady-killer in France. In England, the same thing was true of the celebrated John Wilkes. His face resembled a mask. As you look upon his portrait in the books you find it difficult to believe that any human being was ever afflicted with such a countenance. There is something weird, ghoulish, uncanny, saturnine and satyr-like in his visage; and the women just couldn't help loving him.

If the medallions correctly represent Marc Antony, he also was immensely, flagrantly, hugely, repulsive in appearance; yet he was the lady-killer of old Rome.

This mysterious psychological fact can be traced to the "Arabian Nights," the Decameron, the Heptameron, the Balzac novels, the stories of De Maupassant, to say nothing of biographies and *Memoirs*.

The ordinary doctrines of the papacy excite in me nothing more than a mild, philosophical contempt. I don't much wonder that there should be human beings of today who believe in saints, miracles, purgatory, holy water, prayer-beads, &c., for the simple reason that my researches have shown me that there have always existed people who believed in such things. Those superstitions are as old as the race itself—not only our race, but all others. Every religion of antiquity is cluttered up with such childish nonsense. But when I come to the Romish insanity about the Eucharist, my emotions overpower me. They run the whole gamut; from laughter to scorn, and from scorn to pity, and from pity to tears. God! That *any* sane mortal should be so absolutely the slave of a priest that he can believe he is eating his own Creator! That he can drink his

Erratum: On page 775, near bottom of first column, St. Paul should, of course, be "St. Peter."
THOS. E. WATSON.

er! That he can devour a man a God, at the same time! That can vomit Jehovah, the Al- ity!

the chapter preceding this, I ed, from the Missal of the an church, the instructions to officiating priest: if he "threw his God, he was told to try it n; and, then if his God just ldn't stay on his stomach, he, the st, was to lay his God aside til it be corrupted;" after which was to be buried in "holy nd." But if the priest, in vom- , fail to bring up "the entire ies"—that is, the bit of rice er—"the vomit must be burned, the ashes thrown into holy nd."

n't it almost inconceivable that such disgusting and utterly ne doctrine should be prevalent ng educated men and women of the 20th century? Never on this earth did any primitive, degraded and unkempt tribe revel in such religious lunacy as that.

The most benighted of the ancient pagans went no farther than to *feed their gods.* They devoutly brought the food and the wine, leaving it before the idol, or the shrine; next day it was gone, and the poor superstitious dupes believed that the gifts had been accepted by their deity. Instead, the priests had made off with it.

Think of what an enormous advance was ma le by the Roman priests, when they began to be cannibals and to eat their God, at so much per eat. Their banquet on the Divinity not only costs hard cash, but they charge more for the High Mass than for the low; the eating of the man-God being done with greater ceremony in the one case than in the other.

Well, the market-women of Paris couldn't spend all the day contemplating "the beautiful monster;" neither can I linger longer before the hideously attractive Eucharist —which, as already stated, was a rite among the pagan Greeks, thousands of years before it was introduced into the Roman church.

* * *

Once upon a time, I was riding on the cars, when a lawyer, who is so devout a Catholic that he has never put a foot inside a Protestant church, was regaling me with a string of anecdotes. One of them clings to my memory:

Paddy went to confession, in Ireland. He told his priest that he had stolen some hay, the night before.

"How much did you steal, Pat?"

"Well, y'r rivirence, I think I'd better confess for th' whole stack, for Oi mane to steal the balance of ut tonight."

The Catholic lawyer laughed heartily at his own story, and of course I did, too. But upon reflection it occurred to me, that here was a homely illustration of *the profound immorality of the Roman faith as to confession and absolution.*

When it is believed that any priest can absolve one from any crime, how infinitely the road to crime and to hell is broadened! "The hangman's whip to hold the wretch in order," is gone. The acountability on the Day of Judgment, is gone. The awful trial before the Great White Throne, is

gone. The lash of remorse, the agony of the troubled conscience, the thorns in the pillow of sleepless, soul-racked night, are taken away.

Our Heavenly Father! Lead us not into *temptation!* Great Jehovah, leave us not to be *tempted!* Christ Himself warned all mankind to the remotest ages to avoid the *lure.* Poor human nature succumbs to the temptation. He who hesitates, is lost; and the tempter causes us to *hesitate.*

Consider, then, the destructive consequences of the doctrine of earthly, man-given Forgiveness of Sins! Tempted to steal, the Romanist naturally steals more readily than a Protestant. Why? Because the Romanist can confess his crime and secure a pardon for it. He will have to pay a fee, of course, but the fee may not be a tithe of what he stole. But the Protestant knows that his sin will find him out on the Day; and that his conscience will flog him for his dishonesty.

Therefore, we need not be surprised to find that there is hardly such a thing as good morals, in Roman Catholic countries. All sorts of crime is rampant in Italy, Spain and Portugal, in Mexico, in Central and South America. In our own country, the Roman church supplies more than two-thirds of the criminals. This state of things is traceable directly to the pagan doctrine, that mortals can pardon other mortals their sins. The very strumpets of Catholic countries keep in their bed-rooms their Crucifix and their Madonna; and the vile creatures go regularly to Confession. The banditti are "good Catholics;" and they punctiliously confess and receive "Absolution." There isn't a thief, cut-throat, or robber, in Rome, Naples, Florence, Lisbon and Madrid that does not protect himself—as he thinks—from the wrath of God, by paying his confessor for a pardon for his crimes. Even now, the Camorrists who are on trial in Italy, for systematic, organized and miscellaneous criminality have a priest among them. It has been publicly stated, and not denied, that these robbers and murderers are devout Catholics, who by confession, and division of spoil, preserve their good standing with the Roman church.

Why not? If the law-breaker complies with the requirements of his priest he has as much right to a pardon for *two* robberies, as for *one.* If the sin of fornication, or adultery, can be remitted *once,* there can be no limit to the number of times that remission can be granted.

And very, *very* shallow must be the pate which does not realize how such an abhorrent doctrine facilitates the toppling of the whole structure of Morals.

It takes away from the human soul the fear of an offended God. It banishes the terror of Hell. It elevates the priest to the Divine. It gives to him the Keys of Heaven. It creates in him the fountain of Grace. It clothes him with the attributes of the Trinity itself.

Why should a Romanist fear or love his Maker, when his Maker is a man like himself, visible to the eyes, warm to the touch, ready with price-list of sins forgiven?

The present Roman dogma on the subject of absolution steals the

crown and sceptre from God Almighty. It strips Him of omnipotence. It makes Him abdicate His throne. If He has several hundred thousand deputy-gods, here on earth, there is, indeed, no reason why we should pray to Him at all. We can transact all our devotional business with His deputies. And that's exactly what the Roman hierarchy intends we shall do. That is the ultimate goal of all their efforts. They have made of God a mere corner-stone to their paganistic organization. He is nothing more than the fulcrum of their lever. They have done what Archimedes only dreamed of doing. "Give me a resting place for my lever, and I will move the world." The Roman church rests its lever on God, and they move the world, police the road to Heaven, and relegate Jesus Christ to a position below that of the woman who brought Him into the human life.

But is the doctrine of Absolution a comparatively recent one? And do the priests pretend to be as powerful as Jesus in the remission of sin?

Twenty years ago, when I wrote the article called "A Good Catholic," it was bitterly denied that the priests forgave *sins;* they only remitted *the temporal penalties* imposed by the church. So it was claimed, in Atlanta and elsewhere.

Let us look into that:

First, we will consider the familiar case of John Tetzel who was sent into Germany to peddle Indulgences and thus raise funds to complete St. Paul's church in Rome. Here is a copy of the document:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ have mercy on thee (here the name of the purchaser was inserted) and absolve thee by the merits of His most holy sufferings! *And I, in virtue of the apostolic power committed unto me, absolve thee* from all ecclesiastical censures, judgments, and penalties thou mayest have merited; and, further, from all excesses, *sins, and crimes thou mayest have committed, however great and enormous they may be and of whatever kind,* even though they should be reserved to our holy Father, the pope, and to the apostolic see. I efface all the stains of weakness and all traces of the shame thou mayest have drawn upon thyself by such actions. *I remit the pain thou wouldst have had to endure in purgatory.* I receive thee again to the sacraments of the church. I hereby reincorporate thee in the body of the saints, and *restore thee to the innocence and purity of thy baptism, SO THAT AT THE MOMENT OF THY DEATH THE GATE TO THE PLACE OF TORMENT SHALL BE CLOSED AGAINST THEE AND THE GATE TO THE PARADISE OF JOY SHALL BE OPENED UNTO THEE.* And if thou shouldst live long, *the grace continueth unchangeable TILL THE TIME OF THY END.* In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen. Thy brother, John Tetzel, Commissary, hath signed this with his own hand."

(Observe that *future sins,* were included in the Indulgence.)

That document is one of the landmarks of the world's progress.

Modern history dates from it. The Pope went too far, and one of his own pious monks revolted. When Martin Luther "nailed" that preposterous paper with his immortal Theses, Modernism bade "Farewell!" to Medievalism. When the dauntless monk appealed to the Bible, *and to conscience,* the whole world awoke as by an electric shock.

But the marvel of the 19th Century was, that while human minds were widening their vision, unfettering themselves from hoary traditions and superstitions, the Papa at Rome actually advanced his antiquated guns, linked two or three additional monstrosities to his ridiculous creed, and thus made disaffection in, and desertion from his own ranks inevitable. They try to keep it secret, but the truth is that thousands of priests have lost faith in Pappy, and have left his putrifying establishment.

Lest it be said that John Tetzel's Indulgences were not in proper form, or have been superseded by others more nearly within the range of *reason,* we will push our investigation further.

From "The History of Auricular Confession," by Count C. P. De Lasteyrie, I quote page 142, 2nd volume:

" . . . It was about the commencement of the ninth century that indulgences began to be multiplied. In the beginning, they were granted equally by all bishops of Christendom; at first they were given only for the remission of canonical or temporal penalties, and not for everlasting punishments, as was afterwards the case; for the ancient belief of the church was, that the latter could be remitted only through the merits of Jesus Christ, or those of the saints and the faithful. These are what were called the treasurers of the church. But the popes, thinking they possessed the same divine grace, through the effect of their *omniscience,* infallibility and sanctity, were so bold as to grant indulgences by which they equally remitted temporal and eternal punishments. They have found theologians and even saints who have approved and defended this impious doctrine. We may quote Saint Thomas of Aquinas, who says: "The guardian and dispenser of this precious treasure is the Roman pontiff, and he has, consequently the power to assign every one, as he shall think fit, a portion of this exhaustless source of grace, which may be applied with propriety to the guilty, and is sufficient to deliver them from their crimes."

From the next page, I quote:

"Another pope, Boniface IX., showed the same kind of generosity accompanied with an inordinate love of money. *'I do not think,'* says Theodoric Niem, *'there was ever a man who sought to procure money in such an ingenious but dishonest manner as Boniface IX.'* He sent collectors throughout Christendom, charged with selling Indulgences. Thus they extorted, in a very short time, vast sums of money, which sometimes amounted, for a single province, to a hundred thousand florins. *Everybody was eager to buy the remission of his sins,* without doing penance." (Italics mine.)

The reigning Pope in a sermon preached before his election to the

papacy, stated the priestly pretensions in the baldest terms: he asserted that they were gods on earth and their power even greater than that of Jesus Christ. But we have the same gospel preached here in America. In a former chapter, I quoted one of the eminent prelates who, in a public address claimed that the priest in the Confessional, was equal to Jesus. In other words, the priest ceased to be a man and became *supernatural.*

The doctrine is stated in a recent booklet put forth by the International Catholic Truth Society, of New York—the concern which published the silly pamphlet of Lucian Johnson. On page 5 of "Confession to a Priest," we read:

"People disappear within the Confessional, and come out again. The priest is bound by the sacramental seal, not so much as to hint, or breathe upon, anything he has heard. The person confessing is also bound, to some extent, though not sacramentally, yet by sacred obligations of trust and confidence. Why? Because the whole transaction is *supernatural.*"

Last November Rev. Father Xavier Sutton lectured in Springfield, Ill. His subject was, "Can Man Forgive Sin?" His audience was composed of not-Catholics, and of course he drew the beer as mildly as possible. But he said this:

"The priests of the Catholic church are the lawful successors of the apostles, and as such," he said, "they have the same power as they had from Christ Himself. Here," he said, "we have abundant Scriptural authority, in addition to the teaching and traditions of the church, as to the divine origin of this sacrament, and the power of the apostles and their successors, the priests, to forgive sins. The priest," he said, "is the judge, and has power by virtue of his office, and not as an individual, to forgive sins, or to withhold forgiveness, and inasmuch as the priest is only a human being, and has not the power to search the conscience of the penitent he can not judge as to whether forgiveness should be granted or withheld in the particular case, unless the penitent advise him of the specific sins and faults he has committed, and the circumstances surrounding them, and then if the penitent shows a proper spirit of sorrow for his sins, and promises to make restitution and correct the wrongs he has done to others so far as lies in his power, and shows an earnest disposition to avoid sin in the future then, and only then, can or will the priest in the name of Christ grant pardon, and remission of the sins of the penitent."

In the whole length and breadth of his discourse the "Rev. Father" prevaricated like thunder. The biggest one he uttered was his denial of the "Tariff-scale" on Indulgences. He declared that this accusation was a "rank lie" of the Know Nothings and of the A. P. A. Whew! Well, I never was a Know Nothing, an A. P. A., a Mason, a Y. M. C. A. or anything else of that kind; but in the next chapter of this series I mean to prove the "Rev. Father" Xavier Sutton to be one of the rankest liars that ever told lies in the interest of the Roman hierarchy.

By irrefutable testimony, I will

prove that there *is* a price-list on Indulgences, that there always has been since their introduction in the Ninth Century; and that they are sold in Europe in our day and generation.

Since the "Rev. Father" told his Springfield auditors that there was no record of the formal adoption of the Confessional and of Indulgence, I will enlighten him, gratuitously; if he will consult the Vatican records he will find that the Council of Lateran (1215) formally adopted them.

If he will study his subject carefully and conscientiously as I have done, he will discover that Spanish historians relate that in South America, *they found Confession and Absolution in full swing among the Indians.*

The only difference that they were able to detect, between the Indian confessors and the Spanish was, that the Indians did not inquire about sins *of thought,* as the Roman priests so *lustfully* do.

If the Rev. Father Xavier Sutton would know *the origin* of Confession and absolution, his researches will carry him to the frontier of ascertained facts of ancient history. He will find it in Buddhism, whose Dalai Llama and priests dressed as the Roman priesthood now do, *a thousand years before the Romanists began to wear the chemise and petticoat.*

Zoroaster and his disciples taught and imposed confession, and granted, or withheld, absolution. I am unable to inform the Rev. Father Xavier Sutton whether they also wore the chemise and petticoat, and the peculiarly significant clerical attire of phallic worship.

"Most Damnable Crime of the Century"

IN the latest issue of the *Harpoon,* it seems to me, that K. Lamity hooks the wrong whale. K. L. says that the crime of the McNamaras, in blowing up the *Times* building in Los Angeles was the most damnable crime of the century. I wish that I could be sure of that. If K. Lamity can demonstrate it to me, he will relieve my mind immensely.

When the McNamaras attacked Gen. Harrison Gray Otis they were hitting back at a man who had most bitterly assailed them—not their persons, their property or their names, but their Order. For many, many years, Gen. Otis has been the most violent and abusive and persistent enemy to union labor that it has ever had to encounter. Mind you, I am not saying that he was in the wrong, for I don't know what was the origin of the fight, and don't even know whether the General is a foe to labor organizations, as such, or only attacks them when, as he thinks, they do wrong.

The point is this—

There was war to the knife between the old General and the Unions. The deepest, fiercest passions had been aroused on both sides. As an *act of war,* the Mc-

Namaras dynamited the General's plant. It was like spiking the enemy's gun.

Clarence Darrow asserts that the McNamaras did not intend to kill anybody. I know Mr. Darrow personally, and his word goes a long way with me. He is, in my judgment, incapable of wilful, deliberate falsehood.

The prosecuting attorney and the Judge must have been in doubt as to the *murderous* intent, else they would not have consented to spare the lives of these bold and cynical criminals.

In my judgment, however, these men would have blown up the *Times* building anyway, even if they had known that twenty and odd lives would be sacrificed—for the workers there were "scabs," and to kill a "scab" is, in the eyes of such men as the McNamaras, justifiable, on general principles.

Now then, these murderers slew twenty and odd people. The victims never knew what killed them. They died a sudden, painless death—*the kind of death that is the most merciful.*

Was that the most damnable crime of the century in which it was committed? From 1811 to 1911 is a goodish stretch of time. Lots of things can happen in a hundred years.

Let us ruminate a bit.

Early in the 18th Century there were military butcheries of the common people, because they were so seditious as to assemble in public, unarmed and in good order, to discuss fearful public grievances.

Far into the 18th century, mine-owners in England and elsewhere, kept men, women and children buried alive in the tunnels underground; and these miserable creatures never in all their lives saw or felt the sunlight, never breathed a breath of sweet, wholesome air, never knew the joys of freedom. *When the mine was sold, they were sold with it.* Women worked in no other clothes than an old pair of breeches; and they pulled coal-carts along the tunnels, going on all-fours, *harnessed to the carts by chains which passed between their legs and were fastened around their necks.*

About the middle of the 18th century, England and France—two Christian nations—made war on China to compel her to open her ports to the opium of India. Millions of Chinese were destroyed by the drug thus forced upon them, not to mention the slaughter of Chinese during this horrible war.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, there was the hideous extirpation of the Yaqui Indians, the ghastly cruelties of peonage, the appalling rise of the White Slave traffic, the massacres of Jews in Russia, the ruthless Cossack massacres in Persia, the bloody doings in the Philippines, the murder of Progressives in Spain, the unprovoked war of Italy upon Tripoli, the Boxer butcheries in China, and the wholesale atrocities of Europe's retaliation—in which the United States Government was an accomplice.

There were, also, the Weyler barbarities in Cuba; the dreadful crimes against the natives of the Congo; the slaughter of Americans by the Turks; the frightful atrocities of Abdul Hamid in Bulgaria

and Crete—Christian Europe being his ally. In Hindostan the people were pillaged so remorselessly that when one bad crop-year comes, millions starve, even as they are starving now.

Were none of all these crimes more damnable than the blowing up of Gen. Otis' building and the incidental killing of twenty-seven people?

Did K. Lamity ever read of how England punished the Hindoos, after the suppression of the Sepoy rebellion? Or of the sanguinary methods of French conquest in Algeria? Or of the Commune murders and counter murders in Paris? Or of the tragedies that have soaked Erin's soil with human blood?

Evidently, K. Lamity has forgotten how the Chicago Beef Trust poisoned our soldiers on embalmed meats. There was no war of the soldiers against the Trust, nor of the Trust against the soldiers. Yet because there was money to be made at it, the Trust fed diseased food to our soldiers, and they died like flies. To every man that the Spaniards killed, the Trust killed at least one. How does that crime compare to the crime of the McNamaras?

According to numerous pleas of guilty in the Federal courts, various corporations have been engaged in the gentle art of mingling poisonous substances with the food that supplies 92,000,000 American citizens. These virtuous food-poisoners have in some cases been fined *one dollar.* In others, *one cent.* How does their crime compare with that of the McNamaras?

No slave labor in the South or anywhere else was so lash-driven as that of the Eastern cotton mills, that of the Pittsburgh Steel barons, that of the Chicago meat packers, that of the sweat-shops. Was it a damnable crime, or not, to pen up hundreds of girls in the Triangle Shirt-waist building, with almost no possible escape in case of fire, so that 147 young women met the most terrible and painful of all deaths when the inevitable fire broke out?

Consider the railroads:

Because it is cheaper to kill human beings than it is to equip trains with the safety appliances used on the government-owned railroads of Europe and Japan, 100,000 American citizens are either killed or wounded every year. The slain number 10,000. Is there no damnable crime in that? Could there, in fact, be one more damnable?

To maintain dividends on $12,000,000 of dishonest, fictitious valuation in the stocks and bonds of the roads, this life-destroying system is continued year after year, decade after decade, when the managers of these properties *know* that the system exacts *its annual toll of* 10,000 *human lives.*

How does this protracted and monumental and cold-blooded money-saving, profit-making crime of the Railway Kings—Morgan, Belmont, Rockefeller, Carnegie, *et al.*—compare with that of the McNamaras?

Would you wish to see the dynamiters? You must seek them in the penitentiary. Would you wish to see the Railway Criminals? Seek them at the church.

Are the Initiative and Referendum a Menace to the Republic?

Kyle B. Price

THE political economist of today, who contends that the Initiative and Referendum are a menace to the republic, misapprehends the spirit of representative government, and the capability of the American people for self-government. The very essence of representative government, is the right of the people to rule through their representatives, not to be ruled by them. Then it seems to me that the only question raised by the opponents of the Initiative and Referendum is: Are the people capable of governing themselves?

Representative democracy is society organized to promote the civic welfare, protect the inherent rights and secure the liberties of the whole people, through the administration of a government "deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed."

If it be true then, that, "the evils in our government as it exists today, are due to the failure of the servants of the people to honestly, fairly and justly perform the duties imposed upon them," is there no remedy for such a condition, without an assault on the fundamental principles of representative government? If the servants of the people misrepresent them, disobey their instructions, and usurp powers forbidden by the organic law, can it be truthfully said that if the people adopt constitutional methods for the correction of these evils, it would be a menace to the republic?

A republic whose declaration of principles recognizes the sovereignty of the people, cannot long endure without a remedy for the evils of misrule.

I cannot subscribe to the assertion that, "the masses of the people are far better judges of men than they are of measures, and are far more likely to select an honest man than an honest measure." Such an assertion is not only illogical, but it is a harsh, unnecessary and unfounded criticism of the intelligence of the American people. The honesty, integrity, and faithfulness to duty of the public servant, is an unknown quantity until he has rendered his stewardship. Men change, therefore the "masses" can be mistaken in a changeable quantity. The "measure" is a thing that cannot change. It may be ever so "honest" and good for the people, and assuming that they are intelligent enough to know that it is good for them, they will require the candidate seeking to represent them to pledge his support of the "measure," and upon that pledge they commission him to represent them. After his election, he forgets his pledge to the people, and the "measure," through power of the legislative lobby is defeated. And we are told that the Referendum, the only logical remedy for such an evil, would be a menace to the republic, and would establish a direct democracy.

The approaching shadow of a direct democracy frightens me less than a direct plutocracy entrenched behind a judicial oligarchy. Even a direct democracy in the twentieth century, by ninety millions of American people, would be less dangerous to the republic, than direct plutocracy by ninety powerful corporations.

As long as servants of the people are human they will err. Some through mistaken judgment, others by design. But whatever the cause, the burden of the people is the same, and the government that denies to them the right to

prevent or correct the evils of misrepresentation or usurpation of power, is an unpopular and undemocratic government.

I believe that the Initiative and Referendum applied to the legislative and the Recall to the executive and judicial branches of the government, are the only weapons that can now be placed in the hands of the people to secure to themselves truly representative government.

The whole argument centers around the one question: "Shall the people rule?"

If I believed as some who hold their commission contend, that the people are an "irresponsible mob," whose acts were governed only by prejudice and passion, with impulse as the most potential factor of self-government, I would come out in the open and declare for autocratic rule. I would not deplore the decadence of "representative government" in one breath, and in the next, declare that the people are too ignorant to instruct their representatives on measures.

The ruling mistake of those who oppose the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall, is that they fail to recognize the wide difference between a representative government wherein the people rule, and a so-called representative government where the servants of the people rule. Getting this distinction clearly before us, let us investigate the right of the people to adopt constitutional methods by which they can secure representation in their government.

The government given to us by the fathers, was a compromise between the followers of Jefferson on the one hand and those of Hamilton on the other. The result was a government, republican in form, but trusting largely to the patriotism of the representatives of a people just relieved from the autocratic rule of a king. Yet they were more jealous of the executive power, and went so far in safeguarding the people against autocratic rule, as to deny the right to the president to appoint his own cabinet, ministers and other representatives to foreign countries, attorneys-general, customs-house officers, marshalls and postmasters, much less the judiciary with a life tenure of office, without a referendum to the United States Senate, where every state in the Union is represented. They provided that the constitution could be altered or amended only by a referendum to the states, requiring a three-fourths majority acting in the affirmative. And had they then been able to look far enough into the future to see the encroachments of powerful corporations on the functions of government, there can be no doubt that they would have provided an easier method than impeachment for the recall of unfaithful servants of the people.

Then if the principles of the Initiative and Referendum were recognized by those who founded a representative government, how can the employment of those recognized principles to enforce the administration of a truly representative government, destroy that government?

If the Initiative and Referendum are a menace to the republic, why do not our friends follow their argument to its logical conclusion, instead of applying such epithets as "demagogue," "agitator," "time-serving politician," and so forth, to those who advocate the rule of the people? If an issue is grave enough to discuss, it deserves dignified argument. Badinage and epithet are the arguments of an advocate without a cause. To the Tory, Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry were radical demagogues and dangerous agitators; but in whatever land the spirit of liberty is born into a human breast, the names of Jefferson and Henry will never die.

If the Initiative and Referendum are about to destroy the republic, by all means we should begin a campaign at once to tear the evil out of our system

of government. Let the legislatures of all the States meet at once and adopt and ratify themselves, three amendments to to Constitution of their several States, as follows:

1. "There shall hereafter be no Referendum to the people in amending this constitution, but the legislature, as the representatives of the people shall have that power."

2. "There shall hereafter be no Referendum to the people of a county, parish, or municipality in the issue of bonds, granting of franchises or licenses to sell liquor and so forth, but the legislature as the representatives of the people, shall have that power."

3. "No petition shall hereafter be initiated by the people for any local option or special election, but the legislature shall have the power to represent them since their representatives are better judges of 'honest measures' than are the people."

The foregoing is the logical position to take by our friends who see the downfall of the republic through the Initiative and Referendum. The most charitable view to take of their argument is, they have not studied the question.

The Initiative and Referendum are more in the nature of preventives than cures for the political ills from which we now suffer.

It is better to quarantine against a pestilence than to fight its deadly ragings after an epidemic has found lodgement in the community.

The Initiative today is almost an unwritten law. If a popular law is demanded by the people, the candidate who goes on record for that law receives their preferment. It they should be given the Referendum on all general laws, as they now have in local option laws and constitutional amendments, they would rarely have to exercise the privilege except in cases where vitally important matters would come before the legislature which had not been presented to the people as other issues, before the election of the members to that Legislature. In such cases it is impossible for the legislator to know the will of those whom he represents, hence a Referendum in such cases is both wise and just.

The Referendum would replace the legislative lobby with the direct expressed will of the majority. Under the Referendum "big business" would dismiss its paid lobby. Under the Referendum, the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill would never have become a law. While it is true, under the short term provision for Congressmen, a misrepresented constituency, intelligent enough to detect a dishonest "measure," at the first opportunity, recalled more than fifty Congressmen because they disregarded their pledge to reduce the tariff, yet we still have the Payne-Aldrich tariff law levying its tribute on the people.

The Canadian Reciprocity treaty was negotiated by Premier Laurier and President Taft, with a majority of forty-three in the Candian Parliament; a majority in both Houses of the American Congress passed it and the President signed it. But under the Referendum, the Canadian people rejected it, recalled Laurier and his forty-three majority, and elected a majority of fifty-one in the Parliament against the treaty.

Through the Referendum, the people of England are given the power to veto an act of the House of Lords. Then, if England, a monarchy, and Canada with an autonomous government under a limited monarchy, exercise the Referendum, why should American statesmen call it "vagary," "socialism" and "anarchy," when the sovereign citizens of a free republic demand it?

Life—Present and Prospective

Col. G. N. Saussy

No life is perfect, flaws are found, God's master-piece is marred,
The stains of sin impair the gem, the way to Heav'n is barred.
The angel with the flaming sword who stood at Eden's gate,
Still guards the door and keeps men out because of Adam's fate.
"Into each life some rain must fall;" no day is always fair;
Sometimes come storms with sudden rush, then quickly disappear;
At other times dark heavy clouds the whole horizon fill,
And pent-up nature overflows, unchecked by human will.

No life is perfect! clouds and rain as well as sunshine bright
Or crashing thunders, howling storms, befall us day or night,
While difficulties crowd the way, and we in darkness grope,
Above the storm there shines our star, the Blessed Star of Hope.
Anon the gladsome sunshine breaks and life seems bright and gay,
All Nature seems in happy mood to help us on our way;
Alas! this cannot last for long, it is not so ordained,
Life is a conflict, man must fight, until all's lost or gained.

No life is perfect here on earth, but out beyond the skies
The Blessed Son of Mary reigns where neither pain nor sighs
Nor sorrows come, nor death invades, nor blight nor flaws impair,
But in God's own eternal light, behold all things are fair.
There—life is perfect, purified and cleansed from ev'ry stain,
As thro' the crucible we pass, Eternal life we gain.
Forever and forever there the perfect life shall be,
Redeemed and made anew in Him—the Father's glory see.

No life is perfect—none below, but far beyond the stars,
Beyond the cares and sorrows here—beyond the wounds and scars
That checker human life on earth, where ever we may roam,
The perfect Life we'll find above "When Heav'n sings harvest Home."
There, in a long eternal bliss beyond the ken of mind—
So grand this mortal intellect can never, never find
The magnitude or vast expanse, we shall forever dwell,
In serving Him thro' endless life Who doeth all things well.

Those Who Are Joined Together

Charles Fort

YOU are standing on an Eighth Avenue corner, looking down a side street toward the ugly black streak made by the Ninth Avenue elevated railroad. You see peddlers, right hands curving at the sides of their mouths, left hands holding pails of potatoes; a woman with a basket of wash, which is tucked under a sheet; many fire escapes that look like a jumbling of giant gridirons, when seen from the corner. You notice the signs over doorways: a gilded boot; a carpenter's sign projecting a little farther; glazier's sign, of stained-glass squares trying to eclipse signs of shoemaker and carpenter; tailor's sign almost obscuring all of them. In the tailor-shop windows are prints of the latest fashions, labeled, "Types of American Gents." American gents, going to work, in overalls and sweaters, pause to enjoy the very latest in riding, golf, and hunting costumes, and perhaps go in and order a three-dollar pair of breeches. The tailor shop occupies the first floor of a three-story frame house—a grimy-looking house; its grimy clapboards are stained by streaks of rain dripping from the rusty fire-escape.

The McGibneys lived in the second-floor rooms. McGibney was log-shaped; he seemed as big around at his ankles as at his chest, and, though he wore collars, it was because everyone else wore collars, and not because his neck was perceptible. Close-cropped hair, a rather sharp nose, bright, alert eyes, cheeks red and all other visible parts of him pinkish. Mrs. McGibney was a plump, delicately featured little woman, who could express most amazing firmness upon her small features. When she had household cares, she worried; when she had household duties, she bustled. And it would surely please you to look at Mrs. McGibney when she worried; left forefinger beginning over the fingers of the right hand; left forefinger lodging on right little finger, Mrs. McGibney pausing to look into space, counting up to assure herself that the butcher had not cheated; forefinger beginning again and dealing with the grocer, this time; another fixed look into space to be sure the grocer had not imagined a can of tomatoes or a pound of flour. It would please you, because you would know that not one penny, worked so hard for by McGibney, would be wasted. When Mrs. McGibney bustles—ah, now that is pretty! That means a very keen sense of responsibility, nothing shirked, nothing that will make McGibney's comfort neglected. Bustling to the oven door, opening and shutting it; fingers dabbling at under lip and sizzling on under side of a flat iron; frying pan moved back on the stove; quick, short steps to the table to roll out breadcrumbs; dash to the window to sharpen a knife on the sill—when Mrs. McGibney bustles!

Evening! Both of them in the cheerful kitchen. Very cheerful kitchen! Three conch-shells, like big pink ears, up on the mantelpiece, and four palm leaves, painted green, stuck in a flower pot, just like a bit of Florida. The dishpan, on the stove murmuring; a subdued rattle and good-natured growling of bubbles forming on the bottom of the pan, and dishes fluttering on them. The oil-cloth was bright and new-looking, except in the corner where heavy McGibney sat. There, chair legs had indented it as if someone had beaten around at random with a hammer. And in his corner, reading the newspaper, sat McGibney, his wife sitting beside the table his elbow was on, frowning, puzzling, and counting her

fingers. "Yes," said Mrs. McGibney, "I can keep expenses down to five dollars a week, but you mustn't charge on my book what you spend. I don't think I ought to mark down the cent for your newspaper, do you? I'm not going to have my book any more than it's got to be. I'll cross off this two cents for a stamp. Now, you know you oughtn't to charge me for that; it was for your own letter—don't sit like that! How often have I told you you ruin the oil-cloth?"

McGibney not only continued to tilt back and dig into the oil-cloth but rocked himself on the hind legs of the chair; one is sometimes tempted to torment severe little women when they are too serious.

"Oh, I don't care; you're not harming me. Go ahead, if you feel like paying for new oil-cloth." McGibney could not sit straight without some demonstration to cover his accession; he put out fingers like tongs and pinched just above her knee. If you are an old married man, you know just how far from dignified and severe that immediately made McGibney. Then McGibney sat straight, sat as if he would have sat straight anyway.

A rap on the door. Mrs. McGibney put away her account book as if it were wrong to keep account books; McGibney sat crooked as if it were wrong to sit straight. No matter what one is doing, one feels that someone else coming makes a difference. Mrs. McGibney started toward the door, went to the stove instead, and covered the dish-pan; started again but paused to twitch a curtain; finally got to the door and opened it, but had glanced back twice and had motioned to McGibney to put away a bag of crackers.

"Oh, it's you, Clara?" exclaimed Mrs. McGibney. "Why, come right in!"

Into the room came a stocky person, with a broad, flat, amiable face. Everything about her seemed to suggest that she was made to work hard and suffer, usually not complain, but quite without reasoning, flash into short-lived rebellion against hardships now and then Like your impression of peasantry more than a century ago, down-trodden, without leaders, should be your impression of Clara. In her heavy arms was a huge bundle, done up in a sheet, four corners of the sheet hanging loose at top. She appeared to be carrying a monstrous turnip, all white, loose ends like white turnip-tops.

"Why, good evening!" said Clara awkwardly, turning to the right, turning to the left, with her huge bundle, looking for a place to set it down, but still clinging to it, her chin buried in the top of it, the big bundle making her look like a pouter-pigeon.

"Mrs. McGibney," said Clara, turning to the right, to the left, still clinging, "I don't like to ask you, knowing you ain't got accommodations, but could you lend me the loan of your ironing-board for the night? I've flew the coop on him for good and all this time, and tomorrow will get a room for myself; but, if you can let me have your ironing-board, I can sleep on it here, on the floor tonight. This is my wash, which I brought with me, not to leave him so much as a stitch that's mine. Would it be too much to ask for your ironing-board?"

"Why, put down that heavy bundle, Clara!" cried Mrs. McGibney, having dabbed at the bundle but missed it; "it's sopping wet!"

"Sopping wet!" repeated Mrs. McGibney, as if pleased. And she was pleased, for here was an occasion for her to bustle around the room. Very much did Mrs. McGibney like to bustle around a room. And Clara, by the door, sat at the table at the other end of which McGibney sat.

"It's wet because I just took it in off the line, not to leave him anything of mine," said Clara. She moved uneasily

in her chair. And she winked, as if in physical distress.

"I can't move my line, because the rain's made it too tight," said Mrs. McGibney, "but we can hang up the wash here to dry. Ironing-board? Ironing-board, how are you!" She pounced upon the huge turnip, seizing turnip-tops, plucking them apart. "No, but we can make you comfortable in the front room, Clara." Sheet spread out and wash in a mound. "And you've carried this with you all the way through the streets? I'll fix up lines." Two parallel lines, rigged up one from each end of the table to the opposite wall, sheets thrown over them; kitchen looking like Monday morning in your back yard. Room divided into three compartments: Clara in one, by the door; middle one, including the table, reserved for Mrs. McGibney; McGibney isolated in the third. Mrs. McGibney hung wash on the backs of chairs, and, forgetting how picture frames collect dust, jumped up at corners of picture frames, with more wash. Then she returned to her chair, which was in the middle compartment.

"Not bothering you too much," began timid Clara. An expression of pain suddenly shot across her broad face. "Oh," she breathed, "I guess that must be the tintypes! Anyway, don't bother about me. Oh yes, I'm sure it's the tintypes. Tintypes has such sharp corners, even if there is pink paper frames to them. I had nowhere else to carry my belongings, which I'd not leave behind, as I have flew the coop on him,"

Clara stuck one foot out and lifted her skirt somewhat. Untied a handkerchief from somewhere, though I have heard that the material is usually more elastic—never mind; in a most matter-of-fact way, Clara untied the handkerchief. As if it were the most natural thing in the world to do, and very serious about it, she delved and drew forth an alarm clock, a comb, shoe-strings, a looking-glass, a tea-strainer, a box of matches, the tintypes——

"It was the tintypes!" cried Clara. "I knew, because they got such sharp corners and was sticking me, all the way over, most every step I took."

Mrs. McGibney and McGibney, who drew his sheet aside, stared at the astonishing collection on the table and then laughed heartily. Clara, looking calm and unintelligent, drew forth a can of baking powder. Nothing to laugh at could she see, but the others seemed amused, so she smiled sympathetically with them.

"Yes," said Clara, no longer timid, for it was her way to be awkward at first and then feel as much at home as anybody, "I've flew the coop on him forever. I've said I meant it before, but this time I do mean it. And he can be so nice when he wants to be. You know that yourself, Mrs. McGibney."

"He always seemed a perfect little gentleman whenever I saw him," declared Mrs. McGibney.

"It's a shame you two can't get along better!" was heard from behind McGibney's sheet. "I've always found Tommy all right."

And Clara exclaimed: "He's the nicest little man in the world! This time I have flew the coop on him forever." She smiled at her sheet, so that no one within hearing should be depressed, just because she had troubles.

"I don't know!" said Clara, with her broad, slow smile, "it's pretty hard for a woman to come home from her day's work, and find the man stretched out on the floor before her sleeping it off. Isn't it?" she asked, as if by no means sure and wishing to hear what others thought.

From behind two sheets:

"It certainly is hard!"

Rumbling up over McGibney's sheet:

"You hadn't ought to put up with it! It is hard!"

"Isn't it!" cried Clara, as if crying.

"There, I was right, after all! I thought, myself, it was hard, and here's others thinks the same. And then, when you're getting along nice, both working and laying by a little, and going to buy the brass lamp in Mason's window, and get a whole half-ton of coal instead of by the bag, which is robbery, and then he goes out to change the savings into one big bill which you'd never be tempted to break, and comes back in the morning without one cent—" Clara paused. She would not like to be ridiculed for regarding trifles too seriously. "I don't think he does right by me—does he?"

Both sheets agitated. Over both sheets:

"He certainly don't do right by you!"

"Does he!" cried Clara, almost excited, also triumphant, hearing her own suspicions verified.

"He oughter be ashamed of hisself!" rumbled McGibney.

Clara looked up, and there was a slow heavy frown, instead of the slow heavy smile.

"There's worse than him!" she said sharply.

"I'll never speak to him again!" declared Mrs. McGibney.

"You might speak to worse, Mrs. McGibney. I'm sure he always spoke most kind of you——"

"How could he speak otherwise of me?" demanded Mrs. McGibney in quick anger.

"Now! now! now!" rumbled McGibney, thrusting his sheet aside and looking warningly at his wife.

"Not making you a sharp answer, Mrs. McGibney," pursued thick, slow, heavy Clara, "he never said nothing but kind words of you. There's lots worse than him and he was always a good husband to me, excepting when he was bad, and I hope I'll never lay my two eyes onto him again."

And Mrs. McGibney looked at the McGibney sheet as if to say, "You'd best always keep quiet!" and her resentment was over, for she was fond of Clara and had know her many years.

"I'll get a pint of beer," said McGibney. "Can I leave youse two without there being a clinch? You like a little ale in it, don't you, Clara?"

"Don't never mind me!" said Clara restlessly. "I just remember I left the gas burning and him sleeping his buns off. Do you think the gas would go out and then start up again and not burning? I've heard tell of such cases. Not meaning to go back to him, maybe I'd better go back and turn the gas out."

"Do go back, Clara!" urged Mrs. McGibney, feeling through the sheet for Clara's hand and impulsively seizing Clara's nose, trying again for the hand, closing fingers upon Clara's ear, Clara leaning over, with head near her knees: "Give him another chance. A wife's place is at home. Don't mind what others tell you—your husband is dearer to you than all the rest of the world. Go back and make him promise to do better."

"I don't wish him no harm," said Clara, hesitatingly. "This time I've flew the coop on him forever, even if he is the nicest little man in the world when he has a mind to be—if I thought the gas would go out on him, I might go back and turn down the gas, anyway."

Oh, then, here was a fine chance for Mrs. McGibney to hustle. Down came everything on the lines, as if it were Monday night in the back yard. Down came everything from the backs of chairs and from picture frames. Back into a bundle with everything! Big white turnip again, loose, sprawling turnip-tops.

"I might try him again for a week, anyway," decided Clara. Out and away and back home with her big white turnip and its pouter-pigeon effect, too bulky for her arms to go around, her chin lost in fluttering turnip-tops: back

home with bundle, alarm-clock, looking-glass, box of baking powder and tintypes taken one almost impossibly happy day at Coney Island.

An evening or two later. McGibney out for a walk. Mrs. McGibney up to her elbows in the washing that had driven him out, for if he had remained in he would have had to carry boilers of water to the stove, from the sink in the hall. So McGibney had said, "Marietta, I ain't getting fresh air enough. I don't sleep good unless I take a little walk in the evening." Mrs. McGibney had to fill the boiler one dishpanful at a time and that was satisfactory to McGibney.

Rap on the door. Mrs. McGibney quickly concealed socks with holes in them and turned to the door. Vain little Mrs. McGibney. She paused to rummage through the wash until she found curtains. They were very fine lace curtains. The very fine curtains were placed where a caller would surely see them and note how very fine they were. Then Mrs. McGibney's hand slid around and around on the door knob, hand slippery with soap-suds, until the slipperiness wore off and she could open the door. She exclaimed: "Why, Tommy! come right in." The "nicest little man in the world" was an uneasy, squirming, twisting, little man; bald-headed; Hebraic nose like a number six inclining at forty-five degrees; chin with a dimple looking like a bit gouged out of it; very neat; fussy. And a very polite little man, scraping, bowing, grinning.

"Sit down, Tommy. You won't have much room to stir. The old man is out, but will be back almost any minute. Sit, down, but first I'll trouble you to fill the boiler for me, if you don't mind. How is Clara?"

Tommy seemed to scrape and bow to the boiler, before lifting it, seemed to scrape with his right foot and bow to the wash-tub as he passed it and went scraping and bowing down to the sink, filled the boiler, came back with it, set it on the stove and stood grinning, prepared to scrape and bow, if given half a chance to, until invited again to sit down.

"My!" said Mrs. McGibney, "the wash does gather on one so!"

Tommy opened his eyes wide and wrinkled his forehead to express profoundest sympathy. Not only with eyes and forehead, but with elbows, feet, knees and hands, it was his way to show how very attentively he listened to anyone speaking to him; ready to laugh heartily at anything he might be expected to smile at; equally ready to commiserate with anybody.

"Are you feeling pretty well?"—soap dabbed on a McGibney shirt. "How is—" laundry-brush up and down where the soap was, which was at elbows; McGibney *would* lean on elbows. "Clara? Is she—" up and down with the shirt on the wash-board—"feeling pretty—" wringing out and dropping shirt on pile, on a newspaper, "well?" Pile too high and toppling over, pieces falling on the floor outside the newspaper. Not a speck on them, but rubbing over for them, anyway.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; Clara is very well. I have left her."

"You've what? You've left her?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" said Tommy, head bobbing, shoulders, arms, knees, all of him bobbing. "I called to see would you keep these tintypes for me? I'm going to Maddy-gascar, where I hear there's openings."

"Why, Tommy, what's the matter?"

"She don't keep the house picked up—not saying a word against her," answered Tommy. "These tintypes is mine, and she can have everything else; but these is mine, and it was my money paid for them down to Coney Island, me and her in them, and all I got in the world I care about, and will you keep them for me till I can send for them from Maddy-gascar?"

"Why, of course I'll do that, Tommy; but you know you'd never do such a thing as leave Clara. That would be very wrong of you."

"Oh, yes, indeed, ma'am, very wrong of me! Not saying one word against her, she lies in bed all day and won't so much as do any sweeping. There's never any cooking, and I'm tired to death of the delicatessens and rather go to Maddy-gascar and eat spiders, me going into the spider-web industry there. She don't do no wash like you, Mrs. McGibney, but just rinses out in cold water. She's so lazy she washes dishes by rubbing newspapers on them. That ain't so bad as when she does wash them; she washes clothes in the dish-pan and then washes dishes after them—not that I'd say one word against her. So, will you mind the tintypes with her and me in them, ma'am? They're all I have to care about, ma'am."

"Oh, now Tommy—" But how could one possibly argue with Tommy? With eyes and forehead and elbows and knees, he would most emphatically agree with everything said to him.

"Your wife is a very good woman."

Of course she was! Best in the city! Best in the whole world! But would Mrs. McGibney care for the tintypes?

"It's very wrong of you, Tommy!"

Wrong? Shocking! Heartless! Wicked, shocking, heartless Tommy! Of course he was, and he admitted every word of it; but would Mrs. McGibney take care of the tintypes until he could send from "Maddy-gascar" for them?

Tommy left the tintypes on the mantelpiece, hoping he was disturbing nothing by so doing; imploring Mrs. McGibney not to bother with them if she thought they would take up too much room, begging her to throw them in the ashes or burn them, or jump on them if they should be the slightest annoyance to her; then he went away.

Back in five minutes. Well, after all, "Maddy-gascar" was pretty far away and he had heard stories about the Esquimaux there, so he would take the tintypes back with him; Clara might wonder where they were. Five minutes later. Back again. Perhaps Mrs. McGibney had better not say anything to anyone about the tintype matter. Bowing, bobbing, scraping.

Oh, not a word would Mrs. McGibney say! Rest assured of that! Indeed, she had quite enough to do in attending to her own affairs. Mrs. McGibney promised to say nothing, and like a busy little housewife with too much to do to waste time gossiping, breathed not a word of it till McGibney came in.

"It's all Tommy's fault!" said McGibney.

"I'm afraid Clara is a good deal to blame," said Mrs. McGibney.

"Oh, yes, always stand up for the man, of course!"

"Oh, yes, take the woman's part every time, won't you?"

The next time the McGibneys saw Clara, there was no persuading her to go home. She had no home.

"Because," said Clara, "when we found there wasn't no use in our trying to get along together, we just broke up and gave away everything in the rooms and went down the stairs and down the stoop together. We didn't so much as say good-bye nor nothing; he went up the street and I went down."

"That's right!" declared McGibney, "when two people can't get along together, it's best for them to part, I say!"

"You say!" cried indignant Mrs. McGibney. And scornful Mrs. McGibney!

"Well, I'm entitled to speak, ain't I?" grumbled McGibney.

"No!" firmly. "Leastwise, not when you talk like that." She looked her scorn and continued:

"No, Clara, there's nobody dearer to any woman than her own husband." Looked at McGibney as if he were a pile of wash just toppled over into the ash-pan. "Your husband will be with

you when others are far away." Looked at him as if he were two piles of wash toppled over into three ash-pans. "There ain't any luck in any such advice as he's giving you. I know how I love my own dear husband, and you know you're the same, and you'll find what the world is when you're alone in it." Glared her indignation, scorn, contempt for McGibney, who mumbled, with an air of sagacity, astonishing to himself:

"Ain't wimmen the queer things, though!"

"I've flew the coop on him forever!" said Clara, with her broad, amiable, unintelligent smile. "I got a little hall room for myself, and—me go back to him? Oh my! is that a step on the stairs? I wouldn't wish it, not for the world, for him to find me here! I never want to see the face of him again!" Clara looked around for a place to hide; ran to the door of the front room, and, with her hand on the knob, stood listening.

"'Tain't him! It's someone going upstairs," she said, smiling her relief. "I'll never go back to him."

A week later. Clara again. And Clara was out of breath.

"Oh, Mrs. McGibney, has the man come yet? I thought I saw him over on Ninth Avenue, and I run clear around the block for fear he'd be after me and track me here. I was just buying a bit of furniture, and going to start rooms for myself, when I get a few bits together. And is it too much to ask you to store them for me till I get rooms, Mrs. McGibney?"

"We're only too glad—" began Mrs. McGibney.

"Oh, on your life, don't stir! It's him! He mustn't know where I am, or he might try to get me back! I don't never want to see him again!" whispered Clara. "On your life, not giving no orders, don't stir, or he'll know you're in and see me here."

There was a rap on the door.

"Oh, my! Look out—would he hear us?"

Out in the hall:

"McGibney! Anyone know where McGibney lives?"

"Oh!" breathed Clara, "that's all right. It's the furniture men."

And two men from a Ninth Avenue furniture store came in with a bureau. At least, they set it in the hall, and turned to hasten down the stairs; paused to do a little better than that, and rolled the bureau half way into the room; turned to run back to the store, but, in turning, thrust back with their heels, and pushed the bureau quite into the room, which was conscientious enough delivering of goods to suit anybody.

"I bought that!" said Clara, proudly. The bureau was rolled into the front room, and she helped, her hands caressing more than pushing. There was no back to the bureau. The varnish was worn off. Some one had broken open the top drawer, splintering the wood on each side of the keyhole.

"It's mine!" said Clara rapturously. "It took three days of hard scrubbing on hands and knees, for me to buy that. It'll be every bit as good as new, with a few boards nailed on the back, and a little oil rubbed over it."

The bureau was rolled to a corner of the front room, but Clara could not leave it, hovering over it, stooping and pulling out drawers, one by one, gazing delightedly at the disgraceful old wreck.

"Yes!" said Clara. "The other day when I was scrubbing the restaurant floor, there was customers looking at me, and they says, 'Look at that poor woman! Ain't some got hard lots in life!' They needn't of pitied me! I was earning that! Just a few boards and a little oil is all it needs, and I'll get as fine a home together as anybody's got—what's that?"

Clara ran to the kitchen to listen.

"I'm so afraid he'll find me that I do

be hearing sounds all the time!" she said. "Ain't that bureau something elegant? I'll have my own bit of a home and never see him again." Then, as McGibney came out to the kitchen, shutting the front-room door behind him, she asked:

"Ain't that sounds of excitement in the street? Maybe there's a fire!" Clara ran to the front room and pretended to look out the window. She had heard nothing; it was only a pretext to get back to the disgraceful old wreck. On her own hands and knees she had earned it.

"Ain't it nice!" said Clara, ecstatically. "I got my eye on a gilt-framed mirror I'll buy next week. It's nice, ain't it?"

Clara went away. Back in five minutes.

"I guess maybe I left my rolled-up apron in the front room." Whether she had or not, she stood looking at the bureau; turned to go; looked again; moved it to get a better light on it; stepped toward the door; paused and looked back.

"I bought that!"

And she went away, leaving McGibney standing in the front room. With an expression of deep melancholy he stood looking at the clumsy, broken bureau. He looked at his best furniture surrounding it—fragile, gilded chairs, chairs, on a big rug better than any other rug in the neighborhood—a sideboard with French plate glass in it; the very fine curtains. He was a log-shaped man, and not remarkably æsthetic, but his eye was sorely offended.

"Oh, well," said the melancholy, log-shaped man, "if us poor folks don't help each other, who will?" and the eye of Mrs. McGibney was equally offended; but Mrs. McGibney was not melancholy, for here was an opportunity for her to bustle. Out with the sofa and around in front of the bureau! The standing lamp placed where it would help to conceal the bureau. To hide the bureau was quite a problem, but Mrs. McGibney rejoiced in it. She bustled.

The next Saturday night, Clara bought a wicker rocking-chair. Fearful-looking old rocking-chair! Interstices of it filled with white paint; all paint worn off wherever arms, legs, and backs had rested on it.

"It's nice, ain't it?" said Clara, dreamily, fondly.

McGibney sat straight, as if he had just dug through the oilcloth and feared reprimanding. Then he fell back limply.

"Yes, ye-ry," he said, without enthusiasm.

"It'll fill out your front room nice, while I'm waiting for it, won't it?"

"Oh, ye-es; it'll be very nice."

"And so comfortable!" said Clara. She sat in the chair and clumsily rocked it. "Try it, Mrs. McGibney! You ain't got no idea how comfortable it is. You sit in it, Mr. McGibney. Just lie back and push with your feet and see what a comfort it is. My! I can just see myself in it, me with my shoes off and resting after the day. Such comfort in it! I don't guess I ever made such a bargain before. But what do you think? That mirror I was so set on was bought! That's mean, ain't it? I was awful provoked when I heard it. Just the same, I got my eye on a stove that's fine and well worth the four dollars they ask for it. It's all nickel in front, and only one of the bricks broken, and can be fixed with five cents worth of fire-clay. It'll look nice in your front room, won't it?"

"Ve-ry nice!" answered distressed McGibney.

Clara got up to go. Had to sink back and take another rock in the chair, so comfortable after the day's work, and one's shoes off. It was indeed worth scrubbing for. Up to go. Well, just one more rock—away back and slowly down again, you know. And you, too,

look again at it! My! but what a bargain! And Clara bought it! On her own hands and knees she had earned it. Before going away, Clara lingered at the door. Perhaps they would laugh at her if she should take another rock, but she might look at the chair for another moment.

"Ain't this pretty oil-cloth you got!" Looking only at the chair.

"I must get a kitchen table like yours." Looking only at her own rocking-chair. She left McGibney staring gloomily, but saying, sturdily:

"Us poor folks must help each other!"

Mrs. McGibney bustled.

It was a different Clara when seen again. Her face was flushed; the unintelligent but soft eyes were like eyes that could not see outward things, as if they were engaged in the unusual occupation of looking within at her own mind. Convince Clara that she had a grievance, and thick, obstinate brooding replaced uncomplaining stolidity.

By force of habit, Clara's slow, amiable smile flickered, but her eyes were as if turned upon brooding within.

"Someone's did that a-purpose!" said Clara, slowly, deliberately, staring, seeming to see neither McGibney nor Mrs. McGibney. "Me that thought I didn't have a enemy in the world! Where would I get a enemy, me always kind to everybody? I had my heart set on that stove that only needed a little fire-clay. Someone's bought it, just to annoy me. When the mirror went, I didn't think nothing of it, but the stove too, is to annoy me. They won't make nothing by that, and bad luck will come upon them for it."

"Why, Clara, it only happened that way," reasoned Mrs. McGibney. "Nobody would go and be as mean as that to you, specially as they'd have to spend money."

"It's tricks done me!" declared sullen, dogged Clara. "Oh, there's somebody at the door. Maybe it's him after me. Say I'm not here, Mrs. McGibney! On your life, don't let him find me! I got to work for my living, anyway, and I'll work for myself and not divide with no man. Never—oh, I guess it's the kitchen table!"

"A kitchen table, Clara?" demanded McGibney. "Did you say a kitchen table?"

"Yes!" said Clara, brightening. "It's nice! You can put it in the centre of your front room and maybe have ornaments onto it. It's a very nice kitchen table."

Door opened; a table thrust into the room; heels flying down the stairs.

"Don't you think it's nice?" Clara asked eagerly.

"Nice?" repeated honest McGibney. "Oh, is that the table?"

Scratched legs to it; two plain boards forming the top of it; heads of nails sunk in the boards, and once filled with putty; putty fallen out.

Clara shook it to show that the legs were firm. She would varnish it and cover it with a beautiful table cover she had seen in the five-and-ten-cent store, though there was one just as good in the three-and-nine-cent store.

"Next week," said brightened Clara, "it's going to be porcheers. They're chenille and grand for a doorway. No room ain't complete without porcheers." She again shook the table to show how firm the legs were and then went away.

McGibney and Mrs. McGibney stood out on the front stoop of the rust-stained frame house, looking at the tailor, who was putting up a new sign: "Pants pressed, ten cents. Full-dress suits cleaned and pressed, one dollar." McGibney thought of "full-dress" suits and looked down the street, at rags and dirt and ashes. It was Saturday night and they were going over to Ninth Avenue, to Paddy's Market. Along came Clara, reaching the stoop, starting up the stoop, half up the stoop before she saw the McGibneys.

"Oh, is it you?" said Clara, with only the beginning of the slow, amiable smile.

"The porcheers is gone!" she said, without excitement. "My heart was set on them—the porcheers has gone. Would you say to me, now, that it only happens that way, Mrs. McGibney? Is there somebody playing mean, low tricks on me, or ain't there? Does three times in succession just happen? The porcheers was bought last Monday. Was that only accident? Oh, but I came around to see would you lend me fifty cents? There's a hatrack I want. It's meant for a front hall, but the mirror in it is nice and there's a bit of marble to it, and it'll look nice in my rooms, where, to my longest day, no man'll ever hang his hat on it, unless you, Mr. McGibney, when you and Mrs. McGibney come and see me. I don't like to ask you for fifty cents, Mrs. McGibney, and you just going to do your bit of marketing."

"There's fifty dollars in the bank, that you can have any time you say so, Clara!" exclaimed McGibney.

"We'd rather have you owing it than have it in the bank, Clara," said Mrs. McGibney, "because the bank might bust."

Clara looked embarrassed. "Don't you want to come look at the hat-rack?" she asked. "It'll set your front room off fine!" The McGibneys pinched each other's arms, as if saying, "Oh, Lord, preserve us!" All three went down the street toward Ninth Avenue, Clara preferring one side of the street: then, thinking the other side was darker, choosing the darker side so that if they should meet "him" he might not recognize them.

Torches on wagons, wagonloads of oranges, twenty for twenty-five cents; pairs of rabbits slung on headless barrels, plump rabbits hanging outside, furry rags, shot to pieces, inside the barrels; piles of soup greens and mounds of cabbages; cries of "Everything cheap! Only a few more left!" Paddy's market! Then the second-hand furniture store, with bed springs and pillows outside it; stoves with covers and legs in the ovens; rolls of matting; everything second-hand, even crockery and tea-kettles. Clara went into the store, Mrs. McGibney having paused to dig a thumb-nail into potatoes to see whether they were frozen, McGibney lingering with her, because he would have to carry the potatoes.

Clara came back to the sidewalk. Again her eyes were unseeing. "The hat-rack," said Clara, staring at nothing visible, "is sold. I ain't been gone from here ten minutes. It's sold. Everything I got my heart on is sold. I don't know who's doing it, but they'll never have a day's luck for it."

"But what could I do, lady?" The furniture man came cringing out to her. "You know you didn't leave no deposit. Would you like to look at some mats for your front hall? You didn't leave no deposit, so what could I do? I got a very heavy, rich and elegant mat here for your front hall; though the number of a house is onto it."

"Look here, Jack," said McGibney. "Who's buying up all the things this lady looks at? Is it any particular party?"

"Come to think of it, it is," answered the furniture man. "He's the gent took the unfurnished rooms upstairs. 'What's he look like?' Well, he bows most polite every time my wife waits on him and I see his head was some bald——"

"Wait for me!" said Clara. "Up on the next floor, you say? Just only wait one minute for me, Mrs. McGibney, and I'll only go to tell him what I think of this latest meanness he's playing me. Then I'll be through with him forever. This is the last trick he'll play me!" And she went up the stairs leading to the rooms over the store.

"It must be Tommy," said McGibney.

"And I always took him for such a perfect little gentleman," was Mrs. McGibney's comment.

"Just wait a minute!" Clara had said; but, after several minutes, McGibney became uneasy.

"I'll go up and see," he said. "It maybe ain't Tommy, and Clara may start mixing it with some stranger that's got as much right to the furniture as her."

But it was Tommy, for, as the McGibneys went up the stairs, Clara's words, plainly audible, told them so.

"Never!" they heard— "Was it my dying day, I'd never forgive you. It was too cruel and I'll never forget it."

"Ain't she the stubborn thing!" snapped Mrs. McGibney.

"Did I live to be as old as Mickthusalem, I'd not forgive you for it! Oh, Tommy, how could you go up the street when I went down? To treat me so! Don't never mind nothing else; play me tricks and scold me and don't do right nor anywheres near right, but how could you do that? Oh, Tommy, how could you go up the street when I went down? Me expecting your feet after me every second, me looking back at the corner. You going up, and me going down! Rob me of them porcheers I see you got there, and play me tricks with that mirror, and do like you want to about all the hall-racks in the world, but you never come to find me when I was hiding away! Have the red porcheers and welcome to everything my heart was set on, but you never come to me when I was hiding, and how could I tell you where I was hiding away? Oh, I been so unhappy without you, Tommy; there's nobody got any sympathy for a deserted wife, but just jeer at her and say, 'No wonder he left, if you take one look at her big platter face'—but my eyes is nice and my hair is lovely, I was always told. Take away the red porcheers my heart was set on, Tommy, and I know you don't love me, but we belong to each other, just the same, but don't—oh, if you ain't looking to break my heart—don't never again go up a street when I'm going down!"

The McGibneys saw them standing in the centre of the room, arms about each other, hands patting each other's shoulder-blades.

Tommy began to whimper. Arms mothered him. Steady tapping away on his shoulder-blades. Then Tommy blubbered outright:

"Oh, Clara, I been missable! I been missable something fierce, living alone! I ain't ate nor slept, but been working straight along and got a good job and doing pretty good, and so much as a day's work you'll never have to do. No! not if it's your longest day!" A bow and a bob and a scrape, for he had discovered the McGibneys standing irresolute in the hall. He continued to blubber and he continued to tap away at shoulder-blades.

"But why didn't you come to find me, Tommy, when I was hiding away? I told the Finnigans and everybody, so you must of known where I was hiding away!"

Clara would not have seen a hundred McGibneys. Clara was tapping most mightily with both hands upon shoulder-blades.

"On account of the brass lamp!" blubbered Tommy. A bob and a bow and a scrape! "I done fierce bad spending our saving that was for the brass lamp, and I couldn't go find you where you was hid till I had that here, in this new home, for you to see, and be complete, and then you'd know I was sorry and it would prove I was going to do right. But it wasn't tricks, Clara! Honest, it wasn't tricks! Me standing on the other side of the street and looking in the store window at you, and no overcoat, because I needed every cent to show I was going to do right. And you look at the mirror. I say, 'Clara likes that mirror. Then Clara must have

that!' Me standing with my toes all pinched up, as my shoes is bad, and you looking at them red porcheers. Then Clara must have red porcheers! Me jumping up and down, like I'm froze, but standing there every Saturday night to see what Clara likes and Clara's going to have that!" Bobbing, bowing, and scraping toward the hall, from Tommy; from Clara, rather a look of resentment toward the hall.

A final tap on shoulder blades and:

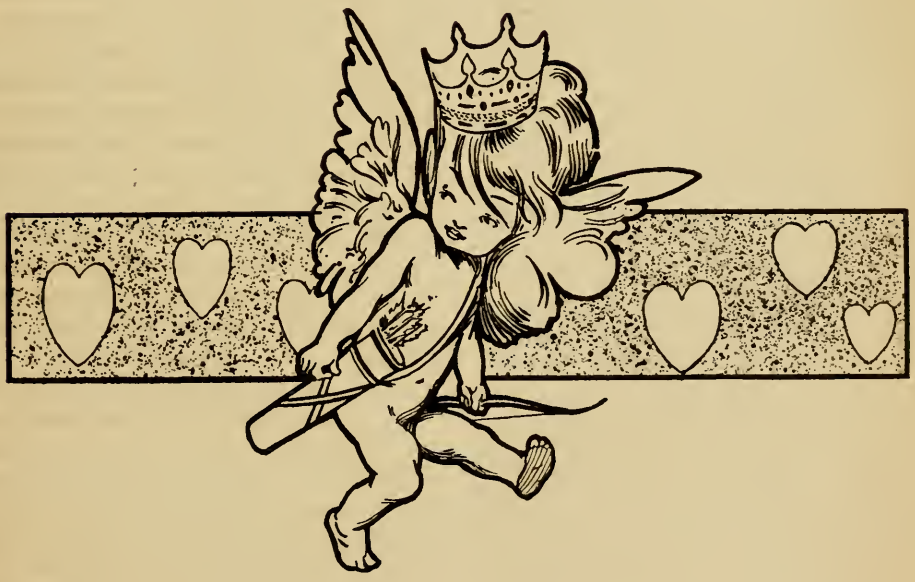
"Why, come in and see where we're going to start up again!"

"Ain't it strange!" said calm, stolid Clara. "He found me, after all!"

And from all four of them, and all four meaning every word:

"In all the world, there ain't nobody like your own! If it ain't but big enough to hold a trunk, there's no place like your own!"

"And," said supremely happy Tommy and Clara, "now we'll celebrate!"



Ten Men of Money Island

S. F. Norton

Chapter VIII.

The Origin of Coin Money

THE bridge having been completed, the work adjusted and the tax levied, Donothing requested the people to come up and settle.

On a given day, therefore, the several members of the community, each one having previously managed to acquire the exact number of certificates necessary to settle his account—presented themselves at Donothing's office and surrendered their certificates, taking their receipts in full for taxes assessed and paid.

As a matter of fact, one man (Grindem) was short just one certificate, and as its loss occurred in a manner that will illustrate an important, though generally unnoticed item in the affairs of finance, it is worth while to relate it. One day as Grindem was at work at his grist mill he accidentally dropped one of his certificates into the fire, and in an instant it was burned to ashes. He looked upon it of course as a day's work absolutely lost, for it had cost him a day's work. Being able to produce but nine certificates he found himself indebted to the government for the amount of one day's work, which he at once paid in making some needed changes on the bridge. The government therefore gained one day's work—just the amount which Grindem lost. Being a patriotic man, the thought that his loss was the government's gain consoled him so thoroughly that he did not murmur at all. Right here it may be suggested by some hard money advocate that, had Grindem's money been made of coin, he would not have lost anything. If the fact that his loss was the government's gain is not sufficient answer to this hard money plea, read along carefully and it will be seen in a subsequent chapter that a day's labor can be lost even when embodied in coin.

In this manner, the distribution of the burden of building the bridge had been equalized through the process of using the certificates as a medium of exchange. It mattered not that Pickaxe did twenty days' work while Dressem did only two, for Dressem was compelled to pay over just as many certificates as Pickaxe.

And, who shall say that when Donothing, as agent for the government, received the certificates in payment of taxes he did not "redeem" them just as completely and absolutely as though he had paid or "redeemed" them in gold, silver or any other commodity?

And who can candidly and truthfully say that, whenever the United States government has received its greenback certificates of indebtedness of taxes, it has not just as completely and absolutely "redeemed" them as though it had exchanged gold and silver for them? Has it not, in fact, "redeemed" every dollar of greenbacks many times over by receiving them for taxes? And what better redemption is required?

* * *

The people of Money Island had become so accustomed to the use of the little certificates as a medium of exchange that they hardly knew how to get along without them. There being no other alternative, however, they were compelled to return to the old system of barter, each one exchanging the surplus products of his own labor for such of the surplus products of his neighbors' labor as he most needed.

The inconvenience of the barter system became so great, however, that they

resolved to invent something that should serve as a substitute for the certificates.

In groping around after some sort of a substitute, many different schemes were suggested. For instance, it was proposed to write upon some kind of substance the words: "Good for a Day's Work;" or "Good for the Product of a Day's Work," to be accompanied with an agreement upon the part of every member of the community that *whenever such substance, containing said formula of words should be presented it should be duly honored and received at its face value.*

In other words, they said: "By our agreement here and now entered into, we give that material or substance *exchangeable value*"—the only real value, save a legal-tender value, which money possesses.

The next question which arose was: out of what material should the money be made? Some proposed wood; others proposed shells. Finally they concluded to use little blocks of wood, with the words, "Good for the product of a Day's Labor," written upon them. There was to be no signature of the Government, no promise to pay, no acknowledgement of an indebtedness upon them. Their *only value* was to depend upon their *mutual agreement to receive them in exchange for the products of their labor!* This fact should be kept in mind, as it has an important bearing on the future discussion of coin money.

"Well," said Donothing (who was already beginning to develop quite remarkable abilities as a "shrewd financier"—equal in fact to those exhibited by the ordinary bankers of the United States) "I like that kind of money, because when I want a bushel of wheat of Plowem I will simply write upon a block of wood, 'Good for the Products of a Day's Labor,' and present it to him, and, according to the agreement here made, he is bound to accept it. When I want a coat I will take five pieces of wood and write upon each the same words and give them to the Tailor and he will be obliged to give me a coat for them."

The suggestion of Donothing exposed the error of the scheme to use blocks of wood. And probably nowhere else, save in the disordered imaginations of those critics who falsely accuse paper money advocates of "wanting to start a printing press and issue an unlimited quantity of irredeemable money," was ever such another scheme proposed.

After further discussion of the subject, one of the members said: "Down in the bottom of the river, I discovered while at work upon the bridge, a fine yellow dust; and, while cutting logs on the side of the mountain, I noticed in the crevices of the rocks a peculiarly bright white metal; let us make our money out of that *yellow dust*, or out of that *white metal*, because it is so scarce and so hard to get that it will take as *much*, and probably *even more* labor to get the material, out of which to make this money, than it will to work and earn, or produce, that which can be obtained with the money. Of course, upon the quantity of metal which each article contains will depend its exchangeable value, therefore we must regulate the size accordingly."

For reasons given above the yellow dust (gold) and the white metal (silver) were chosen as a material out of which to make the future money of Money Island.

But, what value did the yellow dust have? What value did the white metal have? Had the bed of the river been fairly paved with the yellow dust, it would not have sustained the life of a single member for a day. Had the rocks themselves been composed of solid white metal, all of it combined would not have kept even a child from starving. It could not be eaten; it was no better than sand or lime, and not half

as useful as iron, in the construction of dwellings.

What, then, imparted value to them? *It was the agreement among the producers of articles of use to recognize and receive them as a medium of exchange!*

They agreed, in other words, to *redeem* that money with the products of their labor.

In ages past, in this Money World of ours, this agreement, *through custom*, has become an almost universal law. Upon that law does the value of gold and silver depend. If the law should be repealed or ignored, gold and silver would become comparatively valueless. Gold might have a slight value; as, for instance, for filling teeth. Its value for ornaments and jewels even would disappear—for its value for such purposes depends upon the value given to it through its use as money.

Chapter IX.

Coin Money Represents Wasted Labor

Having concluded to use coin money, the various men went to work delving the yellow dust from the bed of the river, and blasting the white metal from the rocks, and employed Donothing to weigh it and stamp upon the face of each piece its exchangeable value. As they had 100 certificates in circulation, and experience had demonstrated that that volume of currency was adapted to the demands of their commercial transactions, they determined upon putting in work enough to make one hundred pieces of coin. Each man spent ten days in the mines, and each was rewarded with ten pieces of coin money.

It proved to be good money; it passed around from hand to hand, performing the functions of a medium of exchange, the same as the bridge certificates had done. As a matter of practical utility there was no difference between the two kinds of money.

But was there, in fact, no real difference in the cost of the two kinds of money? Casual observers—the nine men out of ten who see things only upon the surface—will say at once there was no difference whatever. They say: The 100 certificates cost 100 days' work, the 100 coin pieces also cost 100 days' work, therefore the cost of the one was the same as the other.

But what about the bridge?

The labor that was expended in procuring the certificates went into the bridge; the bridge was a valuable and indispensable public improvement; it enriched the community to that extent; it was so much accumulated labor, used for the benefit of the community.

On the contrary the labor that was expended in mining the gold and silver was to be seen only in the holes in the bed of the river and in the crevices of the rocks.

The amount of *money* produced was the same in both cases, but in the one case the labor expended to produce it was put into a bridge and in the other *it was wasted!*

If the 100 days' work that was put into the mines had been expended in the construction of other public improvements (bridges, roads, halls, canals, etc.), the community of Money Island would have been that much better off.

And so it is in this great Money World—sometimes called the Civilized World—every day's work that has ever been put into a gold or silver mine has been absolutely wasted. Whenever you see a gold piece or a silver piece you may say, there is a representative of so much labor thrown away. The miners themselves may not have lost their labor, for they exchanged the product of their mines for the product of other people's labor, but to the world as a whole it was labor thrown away.

According to one of the best authorities (A. Soetbeers' "Edelmetall-Pre-

duktion seits der Entdeckung Amerikas"), up to 1879 there had been produced in the United States $1,175,000,138; and according to the report of the Director of the U. S. Mint, December, 1884, the amount had increased so that it reached a total of $1,558,672,055. Allowing that only two-thirds of the labor of mining is productive of paying results, it shows that $2,348,008,072 has been expended in furnishing the United States with a coin currency—enough labor to build more than half of all the railroads in the entire country.

* * *

The incident which was promised to throw additional light upon the hard money advocates suggestion concerning the loss of Grindem's bridge certificate may as well be told in concluding this chapter. One day while Makem was trying a boat that he had just constructed, in a trial trip across the lake, in pulling his knife out of his pocket he pulled out a silver coin, which unhappily slid out of his hands and dropped into the water. It sunk to the bottom of the lake in just about the time that it took the fire to consume Grindem's certificate. Thus Makem lost the day's work embodied in the coin, and unfortunately he had not even the consolation of knowing that his loss was the government's gain. So it is with the greenbacks; if one is destroyed Uncle Sam is the gainer. It a gold or silver coin is destroyed it is an absolute loss, no one being a gainer thereby.

Chapter X.

Honest Specie Basis Money

There was one difference between the paper and coin money which experience proved to be in favor of the paper money. The latter was more convenient to carry. As he was at work at his forge, Sledgehammer complained that the ten big silver coins that he had in his pocket were so cumbersome as to actually interfere with his work. Plowem and Reapen made the same complaint as they worked on their farms. The annoyance in fact became so great that some of them got in the habit of depositing their coin pieces with Discount, taking his due bill therefore. For every coin piece that he took in he put out a promise to pay: he became in fact a sort of private banker, receiving coin and issuing bank notes. *It was paper money based upon coin*, but it was "honest." for behind every paper promise, was a coin piece. It could be redeemed at any moment.

But there was no profit in that sort of banking. It frequently occurred to the keen mind of Discount that if there was any use to which he could put the idle coin pieces in his possession, he could make something by being a banker. His cogitations upon the subject, although vague and indefinite, years afterward served him a good purpose.*

In the course of time the complaint concerning the cumbersome character of the coin pieces became so general that it was agreed that Donothing should be employed to devise some method whereby the system could be improved.† At first he received coin and entered the name of the depositor upon a book, and whenever the depositor wanted to pay a debt or purchase goods he had the credit on the book transferred to his creditor, or the party from whom he purchased.‡

*Whoever will read the history of banking will find that the system originated in the manner above described. Private bankers issued notes, not only for the convenience of their patrons, but as a protection against robbery (the notes being payable to the person named in the note), and also as a means of increasing the value of coins on account of the fluctuations of coin through the constant changing of size, amount of alloy used, etc.,—so that in that way the origin of paper money arose in part through a necessity of something by which to measure the value of coin.

†This custom was practiced by the people and government of Venice for more than 500 years, and the credits sometimes commanded a premium so high that they were limited by legislation.

In time, however, instead of keeping books, Donothing would receive the coin and give therefor paper substitutes. He wrote upon little slips of paper these words: "I promise to pay the bearer one coin piece on demand," and signed them as "Agent of Money Island."

In this way, government paper money based upon coin was substituted for individual paper money based upon coin.

Although it was *honest* paper money, because there was the same amount of coin on hand that there were promises to pay outstanding, it nevertheless depended upon the good faith and credit of the government. And the query naturally arises, why might not an absolute paper money have been issued based directly upon the credit of the government?

In this chapter it has been shown how the Ten Men of Money Island issued an "Honest Paper Money Based upon Coin," and in the next chapter it will be shown how one of the ten men invented and practiced a system of issuing "Dishonest Paper Money Based upon Coin."

Chapter XI.

Dishonest Specie-Basis Money

In course of time the commerce of Money Island grew to such an extent that it was found necessary to have more money. Had the inhabitants of the Island been raised under the teachings of the Money Lord press of the United States it would never have occurred to them that, as the number of inhabitants increased, more money would be needed. They would have been educated to believe that inasmuch as there was "just as much money on the Island as there had ever been"—no matter how much the commerce of the Island had increased—there was "plenty of it." They had learned by experience that 100 pieces of money would not profitably perform the work of 200 pieces. This idea was so obvious to them that it did not require any argument at all to make them understand it.

Although they had made sufficient advancement in monetary science to adopt a paper money instead of coin, they had not learned all the tricks and trades, the shoals and quicksands, of the business. It was left for Discount to give them a lesson that was never afterwards forgotten.

As intimated, the want of money was felt quite seriously, and more or less discussion was had among individuals upon the subject. But each asked the other: "What shall we do? How shall we provide for the necessity we all know to exist?" Grindem was busy in his grist-mill; Plowem and Reapem were at work from morning till night in their fields; Makem was constantly occupied at all sorts of jobs; Pickaxe was busy in the mines; Dressem had his hands full making clothes; Sledgehammer and Foreplane were also constantly employed. One man, Discount, had been up to this time a man of all work, and besides taking pretty good care of himself and family had considerable time to study up the financial question. And it was noticed that he had quite an apt way of making sharp little bargains in the way of exchanging goods; and, also that he usually managed to keep quite a quantity of the coin pieces on hand. He seemed to have an inborn love for them, so much so that he would eagerly exchange any of the products of his labor for them. Instead of keeping an extra suit of clothes on hand that might be destroyed by moths, or a few extra bushels of wheat that the mice and rats might get into, he kept the coin pieces—for those, he shrewdly calculated, could not be destroyed by moths or eaten up by rats or mice.

It was also observed that Discount and Donothing were always on good terms, and that they had frequent dis-

cussions of the money question between themselves.

A public meeting was called and a whole afternoon was spent in discussing the "financial situation." No conclusion, however, was reached, as some were in favor of building a public hall—which was very much needed—and issuing certificates the same as when the bridge was built, and others were in favor of going into the mines and getting out more yellow dust, and more white metal to coin into money. It was very forcibly pointed out that the coin pieces already in use had been too cumbersome and inconvenient for actual circulation, and that paper, based upon them, had been used as substitutes.

Finally, upon a suggestion from Donothing, the whole matter was put into the hands of Discount to arrange. In making the suggestion, Donothing quite eloquently dwelt upon the great and shrewd natural abilities of Discount as a financier; he also eloquently pointed out to the others that they were "too busy" to attend to the matter themselves, and they would be gainers if they would leave the control of the currency with Discount, promising that he, as the government official of the Island, would keep an eye on the matter.

It was a sad and fatal mistake for the inhabitants of Money Island. Many people may wonder that they should be so foolish so as to turn over to these two particular men, Donothing and Discount, the settlement of the most vital problem which had yet come up for adjustment. But when it is considered that, acting under the advice of the professional office seekers, the people of the United States have turned over to the Bankers the sole management of the money question, it wil be seen that sad and foolish mistakes may also be made by other people than the inexperienced inhabitants of Money Island.

In course of time Discount matured a scheme whereby he supplied the inhabitants of the Island with "plenty of money." He had 20 pieces of coin to start with. But inasmuch as the inhabitants did not want the coin he merely wrote upon little slips of paper these words:

> I promise to pay the bearer on demand One Piece of Coin of weight and fineness established by the government of Money Island. DISCOUNT.

Whenever any of the inhabitants wanted money he would let them have it, taking back a promise to return the money at a certain time, or when called upon.

Finally a new idea struck Discount—which was to *make something* out of the operation. Therefore, one day when Plowem came to him for some money, the following conversation occurred:

PLOWEM: "Brother Discount, I want to buy some seed grain of Grindem, but I am out of money and come to you to borrow it."

DISCOUNT: "Really, brother Plowem, I am a little short myself and I do not know as I ought to spare any. Besides, I am doing considerable work, and running some risk in loaning you the money, and somehow it seems to me that I ought to make something out of it."

PLOWEM: "But I will return your money to you, and it will be worth just as much when you get it back as it is now. It will not wear out, nor will it be any less valuable."

DISCOUNT: "Well I know, but there is some risk; you may not be able to pay it, and I ought to have a little something on that account. Now, if I should want to borrow ten bushels of wheat of you for seed, I should be willing to give you back eleven bushels at the end of the year. The extra bushel would not amount to much. But can't you get the money of some of your neighbors; I rather you would."

(To tell the truth, Discount lied when he said he rather Plowem would get the money somewhere eles—but the

same lie has been told millions of times by other men in the same busines.)

PLOWEM: "No, I do not think I can get it anywhere else. Besides I come to you because it was agreed that you should attend to all of these matters."

DISCOUNT: "I am willing to let you have 10 coin pieces, if you will return 11 pieces to me at the end of the year. You can afford to do it; because if you don't get the money you can't buy the seed wheat, and without the seed wheat you can't raise any crop."

Looking at it in this light, Plowem consented to the proposition and signed a note reading somewhat as follows:

> At the end of one year I promise to pay to Discount Ten Pieces of Coin of the weight and fineness established by the government of Money Island; also one piece extra for the use of the same. PLOWEM.

As these pieces changed hands Plowem observed that they were *precisely alike* with the exception that Discount's name appeared instead of "bearer," and the addition of the words, "also one piece extra for the use of same."

As a matter of fact, *they had merely exchanged their promises to pay.*

In answer to some comments upon the similarity of the two pieces of paper, Discount very patronizingly responded that "his (Discount's) paper would pass anywhere, for *he* was recognized as the person engaged in attending to that sort of business, whereas the other would not."

Not stopping to think very much about the matter—for he was in a hurry to get his grain into the ground—Plowem took his 10 pieces of paper and left.

* * *

This scheme of Discount's worked so well that he adopted it with all. He soon had out as many promises-to-pay as he had coin pieces on hand. "But," thought he, "why should I limit my paper money to the actual number of pieces of coin that I have on hand? So far only a very few of my paper promises have been presented for payment. I really think that with my 20 pieces of coin I could issue 60 paper promises. And only think what I could get for the use of them? Why, I could get six extra ones every year. In three years I should get almost as many extra pieces as I have now on hand. I should then have nearly double the amount that I now possess."

These thoughts made Discount fairly rub his hands together in an ecstacy of delight. He could scarcely contain himself; he was transformed into another being; he had invented a plan whereby he could accumulate "property" without working in the hot sun of summer or the cold blasts of winter.

Did he disclose his scheme to the inhabitants of the Island?

Ah, not he! Instead of that he invented all sorts of queer words, mysterious and high-sounding sentences; he talked in a very pompous and important way about his transactions, and thus unconsciously impressed everybody else with the idea that his knowledge was superior to that of his neighbors.

His scheme worked successfully. The people wanted and needed "more money"—and, sure enough, did he not supply them? And in about three years did not his 20 pieces become 40; and upon the 40 pieces did he not issue 120 of his own promises-to-pay, and thereby did he not accumulate 12 extra pieces every year?

He soon quit all other business entirely, and devoted himself to "financial transactions." And somehow, in spite of the fact that he did no work and produced nothing at all he lived in grand style, had the best of everything which the Island afforded, and withal deported himself in such a pompous and patronizing way that the others began to look upon him as quite a superior being, and they all exclaimed: "What *should*

we do without the services of Discount? He knows so much more than all the rest of us about this money question. See how he solved the problem as to 'more money;' there is plenty of it, no one has to dig in the mines; no one has to work on the public bridges for paper certificates. Great and mighty is Discount!"

Ah, great indeed was Discount; and glorious indeed was his system of finance—but to see that *it was dishonest paper money*, read the next chapter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Nocturne

Alice Brown Yeager

The mystic light of the moon tonight
Steals down through the shadows where
The white jasmine 'neath the Southern pine
Is wearing her jewels rare.

Her diamonds bright, like lances of light,
She dons for her evening tryst
While sprites of night who in mad delight
Dance 'round through the midnight mist.

And I, inside my window wide,
Lean forward to catch a sound
From the unseen things whose tireless wings
Are fluttering all around.

They bring their balm with its cooling calm,
To pour upon my head;
Soothing the ache of the old heartbreak,
And drowning the old-time dread.

The bygone years with their weight of fears
Are dead, and are buried deep;
I see the way to my golden day,
Now, welcome, angel of sleep!

From Fredericksburg to Gettysburg

William H. Swallow

EARLY in May, 1863, the Federal army, under General Hooker, sustained a severe defeat before Chancellorsville. The important events which transpired during the two succeeding months, rapidly following upon each other, will forever form a marked epoch in the history of America.

Immediately after his defeat, Hooker withdrew his army to the left bank of the Rappahannock, and placed his troops in a position of probable security. Notwithstanding the disaster which befell him, Hooker still had over a hundred and twenty thousand men under his command.

The Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, after the fight at Chancellorsville, scarcely numbered seventy-five thousand men. But this disparity in numbers was more than compensated to the Confederates in the brilliant victory they had gained. That victory was saddened by the loss of the gallant commander of the Second corps, Lieutenant-General Jackson. When, on that night in May, 1863, the news went forth to the army that Stonewall Jackson was dead, a strange tremor was felt throughout its ranks. It was as if some brilliant star, which his soldiers were accustomed to behold, had suddenly fallen.

Lee and Jackson at Chancellorsville

Shortly after the death of Jackson, General Lee began to remodel the Army of Northern Virginia, and to place its organization in the utmost state of efficiency. That great soldier resolved to secure some of the valuable results of his recent victory over Hooker, and to this end he prepared for an undertaking long contemplated and frequently discussed, both at Richmond and with the chiefs of the Confederate army. This was no other than an invasion of Pennsylvania, the capture of the capital of that commonwealth, and to gain, if possible, a great Confederate

victory upon her soil. This idea of transferring the seat of war from Virginia to Pennsylvania was neither new nor original with General Lee. As far back as September, 1862, Stonewall Jackson urged the expediency of the enterprise, and had his "mind's eye on it" when he marched into Maryland, in September of that year. The impregnable position that McClellan held at South Mountain, with the division of opinion at Richmond consequent upon the battle of Antietam, prevented it then. After the defeat of Burnside at Fredericksburg in the following winter it was again discussed, and received much consideration at Richmond.

But strong objections presented themselves. The inclement season of the year and impassable condition of the roads, it was thought, might be attended with some danger in an enemy's country.

After the defeat of Hooker in May, 1863, the prestige of the Confederate victory put the army in high good humor for an onward movement.

Many arguments were used in support of the undertaking. It was urged that the prolonged and continual presence of the contending armies had completely impoverished the people of the Virginia valley and eaten up their subsistence; that the cavalry had become greatly reduced, and it was thought that plenty of fine horses and cattle, with the means of their support, could easily be procured in the rich and fertile counties of Southern Pennsylvania. It was also currently reported and believed that Hooker's well-known rashness as a commander would be certain to involve his army in some great calamity.

These suggestions had their weight with General Lee, but there were other reasons of greater moment that influenced the judgment of the commanding general and his government at Richmond. It was believed that public sentiment at the North had become greatly divided, and that many Republicans themselves, of high character, had become discouraged; that a very highly respectable element of the Northern people began to doubt the abilities of the "Washington authorities" to grapple with the tremendous forces against which they had thus far unsuccessfully contended.

It was therefore believed by General Lee and his government at Richmond, that if the State of Pennsylvania were invaded and a great victory gained upon her soil, and the Army of Northern Virginia placed between Washington and the army, the sentiment of the Northern people might turn in favor of peace and result in the recognition of Southern independence.

This was the central idea. Keeping it steadily in view, General Lee determined to push boldly forward from Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, seize the capital of the commonwealth and fight a decisive battle somewhere upon her soil.

Harrisburg was Lee's objective point. From the moment he left Fredericksburg he never suffered anything to interfere with this object until the evening of the 29th of June, when circumstances obliged the commanding General to change the whole character of the campaign. Even on the night of the 29th of June, when Lee countermanded the order to attack Harrisburg, General Ewell was before the city and covered it with his artillery.

The reader will mark well every movement made by the great commander until the 29th of June in order to obtain a distinct view of the aims and objects of the Pennsylvania invasion.

Some writers have asserted that the Gettysburg campaign commenced in the fight at Beverly's Ford on the ninth of June. In view of this fact, the writer will detain the reader to notice some engagements of the cavalry in justice to the memory of the gallant General Stuart. In the fight at Beverly's

Ford, on the ninth of June, between Stuart's cavalry and the Federal cavalry under General Pleasanton, it was claimed, as usual, as a great victory for the Federal commander. In the afternoon of the day the advance of the Confederate infantry arrived, General Lee was personally present on the field, and if he had given the order General Pleasanton would have been utterly routed and hopelessly crushed before he could have passed the narrow fords of the Rappahannock.

The commanding general did not wish to precipitate a general engagement in order to gain a temporary advantage that might in any way delay his movements on the capital of Pennsylvania.

From General Lee's conduct on this occasion, General Longstreet reached the conclusion that the campaign in Pennsylvania would be "offensive in strategy," and "defensive in tactics." In the fight at Beverly's Ford, General Pleasanton claimed that he captured the headquarters of General Stuart, with his official papers and orders from General Lee, from which he received the information of Lee's contemplated invasion of Pennsylvania.

Now General Pleasanton has thought proper from time to time to repeat this ridiculous statement under his own signature in periodicals and journals of repute. Pleasanton claimed that he captured Stuart's headquarters about a half mile from Beverly's Ford. The truth is that General Stuart's headquarters were at Fleetwood Hill, over three miles from Beverly's Ford, and General Pleasanton, as is well known, did not come within a cannon-shot of them. As for capturing Stuart's official orders, from Lee, this statement is equally foolish, for General Lee did not give Stuart his official orders until the night of the 23d of June, two weeks after the battle of Beverly's Ford, as will be seen hereafter.

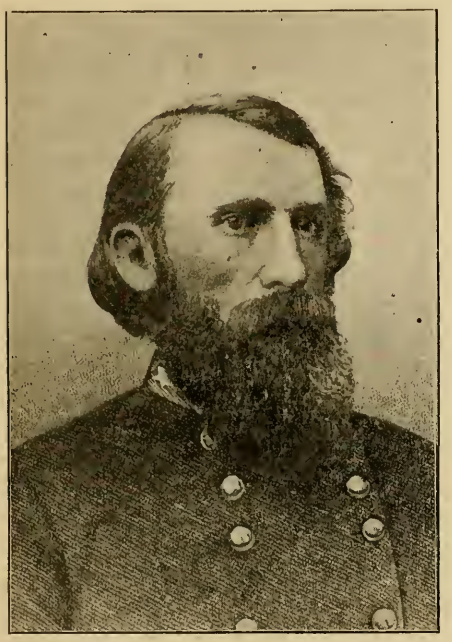
A desk belonging to Major Beckham, of Stuart's horse artillery, fell from the wagon, was picked up by some of Pleasanton's men, and got into that General's possession. It seems that a circular had been issued the night before, directing certain movements of the cavalry for the next day; and from this circular General Pleasanton, perhaps, may have imagined that he discovered General Lee's design of invading Pennsylvania. It is well to notice how the Federal commanders and historians in treating of these facts contradict themselves and each other. Several Federal writers assure us that General Lee had intended to move direct on Washington, but the masterly strategy of Hooker compelled Lee to change his course and move into the valley west of the Blue Ridge. Another writer of high repute assures us that the severe defeat that was inflicted upon General Stuart at Beverly's, Aldie, and Upperville, cut the cavalry from its proper course and compelled Stuart to move around the Federal army. The circular above referred to was presented to Captain Carswell McClellan, then serving with the Fifth corps, as a souvenir of his brother, the gallant and accomplished Major H. B. McClellan, at that time quite a young man, serving on the staff of General Stuart as his especial aid.

Both of these young men were Pennsylvanians, and full cousins of the distinguished general of the same name, George B. McClellan.

After the action at Beverly's Ford, the corps of A. P. Hill and Longstreet remained in Culpepper County, Virginia, but that of General Ewell passed into and down the valley to Winchester. General Albert Gallatin Jenkins, with his brigade of cavalry, was in the advance of Ewell's corps down the valley—in front of the divisions of Rhodes and Early.

On Monday, the 15th of June, General Longstreet moved his corps of Ashby's and Snicker's gaps. The cavalry brigades of General William E. Jones and General Wade Hampton guarded

the line of the Rappahannock until A. P. Hill's corps had passed into the valley. After the corps of A. P. Hill and Ewell had passed into the valley, and were moving down the valley to Pennsylvania, two cavalry engagements took place, one at Aldie, the other at Upperville. The cavalry brigade of General Fitzhugh Lee, commanded by Colonel Mumford, engaged the enemy at Aldie, and here took place one of the severest



Gen. A. P. Hill

cavalry fights of the war. General Stuart was at Middleburg, and was aware of the approach of the Federal cavalry from Thoroughfare Gap. He immediately notified Colonel Mumford of his danger, and ordered the brigades of Robertson and Colonel Chambliss to move at once to Middleburg. Stuart, having no force with him except his personal staff, retired to Rector's Cross-roads. Meantime, Colonel Mumford established himself at Aldie. About two or three o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th of June, the enemy advanced on Aldie, driving in Mumford's pickets on his main line, which was due west of the village.

The action that now followed was one of great severity. Mumford's lines commanded the road leading to Middleburg, as well as the one leading to Snickersville. Captain James Breckinridge, of the Second Virginia cavalry, commanded the squadron of pickets in falling back before the enemy. He was one of the ablest officers of his rank in the army, and in the battle that now ensued he greatly distinguished himself. Colonel Rosser, with the Fifth regiment, and Colonel Tom Owen, with the Third, behaved with their accustomed skill and bravery. Every effort on the part of the Federal cavalry to dislodge Mumford was bravely met and repulsed. Mumford only retired from the conflict when ordered by General Stuart to do so. In retiring he brought off all his dead and wounded, and the enemy never even attempted to pursue him. If he had been defeated in this engagemnt this would have been impossible. Mumford fell back by the Snickersville road and encamped for the night without being disturbed.

Robertson's brigade reached Middleburg about dark and found the village in possession of the First Rhode Island cavalry. He attacked the enemy, drove him out of the town, and pursued him for some distance up the same road by which he had advanced.

Stuart encamped for the night with Robertson's brigade around Middleburg, where he was joined next morning, Thursday, the 18th, by General W. H. F. Lee's brigade, under Colonel Chambliss. The gallant Mumford was stationed on the left, at Union, five miles distant. No advance was made on the enemy on Thursday, but on the next day, Friday, the 19th, a heavy attack was made on both Confederate brigades west of Middleburg, and at the same time upon Colonel Mumford, then on the Snickersville road. The fighting along the Middleburg road was very

severe, and, although the Confederates repulsed every attack made by the enemy, they were not strong enough to follow up with advantage. Stuart, therefore, determined to fall back and form a new line about half a mile to the rear, which offered greater advantages. Stuart withdrew under the fire of the enemy, who did not, on that day, make the least attempt to attack the new line when formed. General William E. Jones arrived on Friday evening with his brigade, and was posted at Union. Colonel Mumford moved a little further to the left to cover Snicker's Gap. General Wade Hampton did not arrive until Saturday, the 20th. Information was now received through Colonel John Mosby, the daring partisan commander, that the Federal cavalry at Aldie was supported by a large infantry force from the Fifth corps of Hooker's army. In view of these facts General Stuart resolved to assume the defensive until his forces could be concentrated. On Sunday morning, the 20th, the enemy moved out in force and attacked our lines on the Upperville pike and the Union road. General Stuart resolved to check the enemy in retiring and falling back upon Upperville.

General Wade Hampton's brigade did good service on the right of the road. The determined resistance offered to the enemy will be understood when it is stated that it was late in the evening when Stuart reached Upperville, and he had been on the fall-back from eight o'clock in the morning, a distance of five miles. In the fight at Upperville General Gregg and General Buford united their forces, and as soon as this was effected they resolutely attacked the retiring lines of Stuart. Robertson's brigade, which was posted on the main road, was thrown into confusion and retired through Upperville. General Wade Hampton now attacked the enemy upon the right with so much spirit and resolution that the Federals were driven back.

As soon as this was effected he went to the support of Robertson, when darkness closed the scene of this hard-fought battle. It was time, for Longstreet's corps was still at the gap, and if the night had not closed the action the infantry would have taken part. With the fight at Upperville the operations of Stuart against the enemy ceased.

On the 23d and 24th General Stuart remained at Rector's Cross-roads. On the 23d he had a personal interview with General Lee, who was with Longstreet's corps, which had not yet left Virginia. During this interview the future movements of the cavalry were fully discussed. It was then that Stuart submitted his plan to the commanding general to pass around the enemy's rear and join the main army in Pennsylvania. Two plans presented themselves to the General-in-Chief and his young commander of the cavalry. Either to cross west of the Blue Ridge at Shepherdstown and enter Maryland and Pennsylvania by that route, or cross between the enemy and Washington City. There was no alternative, for, as will be seen hereafter, it would have been simply impossible for Stuart to cross the river between Harper's Ferry and Edward's Ferry, lower down, where Hooker's army crossed.

On the night of the 23d of June, while General Stuart was at Rector's Cross-roads, he received his official orders from General Lee, authorizing his movement around the enemy's rear. On the next day, late in the afternoon, dividing his force, he began to execute the orders of the commanding general. It will be seen hereafter how faithfully and bravely he discharged that duty. His movement around the enemy's rear was a complete success, and far more productive of valuable results than it was possible to secure in any other way.

Leaving the gallant young commander of the cavalry for the present, the writer wishes to follow in detail the movements of the main army in its

march into Pennsylvania, and, at the proper time, to return to the gallant Stuart, and consider carefully the charges that have been brought against him by a number of Confederate generals who, instead of censuring his conduct, should have confined their labors to a defense of their own. The writer hopes to be able to show that the disastrous issues of the campaign can be traced to other causes.

While Longstreet was still in Culpepper County, Virginia, he had with him a favorite scout, named Harrison. This man had been sent to Longstreet by Secretary Sedden. He was well acquainted with all the mountain passes of Northern Virginia and Southern Pennsylvania, as well as the fords and passages of the Upper Potomac. Longstreet now resolved to send this man into the Federal lines to procure information, and giving him a large sum of gold dismissed him, saying, "Spare no expense to get the information." On leaving, Harrison said, "Where shall I report to you, General?" Longstreet replied, "Anywhere north of the Potomac you can find me."

Now, the reader will keep his eye on this man, for on *him* and the faith reposed in him both by Lee and Longstreet the most disastrous and tremendous consequences resulted, consequences which, on the night of the 29th of June following, changed the character of the whole campaign, compelling the withdrawal of the left wing from Harrisburg and the right wing from York, and in less than forty-eight hours precipitated the battle of Gettysburg, throwing two hundred thousand men into deadly conflict upon the issue of which was staked the life of the nation.

In the march down the valley Ewell's corps led the advance, then came A. P. Hill, next Longstreet. On reaching Winchester, Virginia, on Saturday and Sunday, the 13th and 14th of June, Early's division, in the extreme advance of Ewell, engaged and defeated General Milroy, who had held the town. The rout of Milroy's army at Winchester was so complete that many of his regiments in their flight threw away their muskets and knapsacks.

The fugitives fled in all directions, many of them taking a northwestern course into the mountain counties of Pennsylvania. The pursuit of the enemy was prompt and vigorous, but his movements were rapid. Many prisoners and a large wagon-train fell into the hands of the Confederates. When Early's division entered York, just two weeks after the battle, many of Gordon's brigade wore the knapsacks of the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment. This fact produced much amusement among the people of that historic town, for the Eighty-seventh regiment had been recruited at York.

After the fight at Winchester the divisions of Early and Rhodes, of Ewell's corps, pushed rapidly forward to the banks of the Potomac, and crossed that river on Saturday night and Sunday morning, June 20th and 21st, near Shepherdstown.

At Hagerstown the divisions of Rhodes and Early united on Monday, June 22nd, having reached that place by different roads from the Potomac. At Hagerstown, Ewell's infantry advance was met by the cavalry brigade of General A. S. Jenkins. General Jenkins' cavalry brigade, leading the extreme advance of General Lee's army in Pennsylvania, had moved so rapidly in front of Early's division that his cavalry had reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on Monday, the 15th of June, the day after the defeat of Milroy at Winchester. Jenkins and his staff spent the night at the residence of the Hon. Alexander P. McClure, afterward the editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, but then a resident of Chambersburg and the editor of the *Franklin Repository*. General Jenkins remained in Chambersburg for several days, and then fell back on Hagerstown. At Hagerstown, on

Monday, Lee's advance separated and went down the valley to the Susquehanna in different directions. The division of General Rhodes, supported by the cavalry of General Jenkins, passed down the valley through Chambersburg, which place they reached on Wednesday, the 23d; next day, Rhodes was at Shippensburg, and on Friday, June 26th, Rhodes and Jenkins were at Carlisle, just eighteen miles from the capital of Pennsylvania. Rhodes and Jenkins, in their march on Harrisburg, were cosely followed by General Ed. Johnson's division and Ewell's wagon-train. Ewell was personally present with this division of his corps. On Saturday night, the 27th of June, a skirmish took place at Oyster Point, on the turnpike, three miles from Harrisburg. A portion of Rhodes' division, who engaged the enemy, drove them to the river. General Ewell arrived in person on Sunday morning, the 28th with the advance of General Edward Johnson's division. He immediately threw up breastworks on the left bank of the Susquehanna, and covered the capital of Pennsylvania with his artillery. The left wing of Lee's army had reached its objective point on Sunday, the 28th of June. The left was composed of the divisions of Johnson and Rhodes, with the cavalry brigade of General Jenkins. General Ewell, who was personally present with the left wing, was well acquainted in this section of the State, for he had, when quite a young man, been employed as a civil engineer on the Harrisburg and Columbia Railroad.

Let us now trace the movements of the right wing of Lee's army to York, Pennsylvania, the probable point of concentration. The right wing was Early's division. To this division the writer was attached in all its vicissitudes from the banks of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, to the shores of the Susquehanna at Wrightsville, and was with it and shared its fortunes in the eventful battle that was soon to follow.

At Hagerstown, Maryland, on Monday, June 22d, Early's division separated from Rhodes' and went down the valley to the Susquehanna, in a southeasterly direction. The division reached the Chambersburg and Gettysburg turnpike at a place named Greenwood. In passing down the pike toward Gettysburg, Early destroyed the Caledonia Iron Works, near the base of the mountain. These works belonged to Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stevens himself had been at the works only a few hours before the division arrived, and left for his home at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The next day the division crossed South Mountain and marched to Gettysburg, which place we reached on Friday, June 26th. Gordon's brigade entered the town about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On Saturday, Early moved his division to York, Pennsylvania, by two different roads. A portion of his command went by way of East Berlin, while the remainder passed through Hanover to the junction of the Northern Central Railroad, about ten miles from York.

Early's division entered York on Sunday morning, June 28th, just as the good people were going to church. York, no doubt, was the intended point of concentration. The town was one of singular beauty. It was also hallowed by many Revolutionary recollections. It was situated in the midst of a fertile country, about ten miles from the Susquehanna. Late in the evening of Sunday, the 28th, a report reached York that Ewell had taken Harrisburg and burned the capital of the commonwealth. This proved to be incorrect. Nevertheless it is a historical fact that on the same day that Lee's right wing reached its probable point of concentration, his left wing was before the capital of Pennsylvania. While Early was at York a detachment was sent down to

Wrightsville, on the right bank of the Susquehanna. At Wrightsville the Susquehanna is over a mile wide. A bridge connects Wrightsville with Columbia on the opposite shore.

General Conch, who was in command of the department of the Susquehanna, ordered Colonel Frick, at Columbia, to burn the bridge, which was done at once. After the destruction of the bridge the detachment returned to York. The right and left wings of General Lee's army appear to have made equal time from Hagerstown to the Susquehanna. The distance from Hagerstown to Harrisburg by which Rhodes moved was nearly the same as the distance to York. The road to York, however, was not so good. These two wings of Lee's army reached their respective points of destination just three weeks after the battle of Beverly's Ford.

The rear of Lee's army, composed of the corps of A. P. Hill and Longstreet with the cavalry brigades of Jones and Robertson, passed on down the valley and crossed the Potomac the same day. Wednesday, the 24th of June. The corps of A. P. Hill crossed the river at Shepherdstown, while Longstreet crossed at Williamsport. Heath's division of Hill's corps held the advance and moved forward to Hagerstown and Chambersburg. On Friday morning, June 26th, Heath's division entered Chambersburg. General A. P. Hill was with this advance division of his corps. About ten o'clock in the forenoon General Hill was standing on the pavement, talking to a citizen of the town, Mr. Bishop, making inquiries about old acquaintances at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, whom he had known before the war, while in command of the United States barracks at that place.

Lee before Chancellorsville

Mr. Bishop asked Hill whether General Lee was coming, to which Hill replied: "I am expecting him every moment," and, looking up the main street, said, "there he comes now." As General Lee and staff rode to the square, A. P. Hill mounted his horse and, raising his hat, went to meet the commanding general. Lee and Hill rode aside and spoke a few words to each other in a low tone of voice.

Mr. Jacob Hoke, of Chambersburg,

an intelligent observer of all that passed before his eyes, has this to say of the commanding general:

"As General Lee sat on his horse in the open square of our town he looked every inch the soldier. He was somewhat over fifty years of age, stout, and well built, his hair was strongly mixed with gray, and he wore a gray beard. He appeared to me to be undoubtedly what he was, a grave, a deep and thoughtful man. He wore the Confederate gray, with a black slouch hat. He looked like a great man, and seemed to have not only the profound respect of his men, but their admiration and love.

"His staff was composed of a fine looking, intellectual body of men, and presented a soldierly appearance, which those who witnessed will never forget. In that small group was, to a great extent, the brains of that vast army which had invaded our State, and while we could not help admiring the genius of these men, still we regarded them as the enemies of our country."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gen. "Jeb" Stuart

Religious Hysteria in the United States

Alice Louise Lytle

MANY readers of the daily papers, keeping in touch with the topics of the day, have been appalled at the "new religions" which spring like mushrooms, flare in the public prints, bring more or less undesirable notoriety on those who follow them, and then fall into oblivion.

It is doubtful if the soil of any country offers such nourishment to the growth of new religious creeds and sects, as the United States of America.

As a people, we have witnessed the birth of Mormons, Spiritualists, Seventh Day Adventists, Holy Rollers, Zionists, and, as the circus posters say, others too numerous to mention.

There have been reasons and explanations proffered, but they avail us nothing when we begin to investigate.

We ask why some of these sects have been so successful; we are told, because of the mercenary aims of some, the ignorance of others, the love of mysticism of a third, the ignorance of the followers of a fourth, and so on.

But the answer to that comes readily enough. All have claimed followers who were neither mercenary, ignorant, superstitious, mystics nor fanatics.

Why, then, do these sects invariably attract to themselves some of the most cultured and refined men and women, as well as the ignorant and superstitious?

This is not a new phase of American religious mania. From the time of the first settlements in Virginia and Massachusetts there have been outbreaks among the people of this "new world" which have made possible some of the most grewsome history—most of it "in the name of Christ, and Him crucified."

A wide-awake Yankee firm in New England has, with the usual Yankee "eye to business," immortalized its "witchcraft" history in silver and gold trinkets.

From the catalogue of a jewelry firm in 1911, to a copy of Putnam's Monthly for September, 1853, is a long cry, but each in its way is interesting.

The catalogue, issued by the New England firm, shows how tenaciously we all cling to our traditions, whether they are creditable or otherwise.

Few of us, in thinking of "witchcraft," would connect it with religion, and yet it was made possible, as a belief, only by the attitude of religious enthusiasts towards it.

The Puritans—dour, strict, narrow, cold-blooded—to those of us of a later, happier, more frivolous generation, what a horror they appear.

It would seem that the barren, bleak air of New England had gotten into the bones of those who had left England "in pursuit of religious liberty" and had dried up the very founts of all that makes man livable and lovable.

Macaulay, in his essay on Milton, said, in part:

"The Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of Superior beings and eternal interests. * * * Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with Him face to face. * * * In his devotional retirement, he prayed with convulsions and groans, and tears. He was half maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a glimpse of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire."

And so intent were the Puritans on this Heavenly contemplation, they had no patience with more dense humans who saw no visions and heard no Heavenly voices, and they tortured, by many means, those whom they sought to save "from the wrath to come."

It is easy to realize how readily minds attuned to Heavenly cadences should rebel at all not in harmony with them, and, while the Puritans were hard, matter-of-fact persons, to them there was something radically wrong with people who could not, or would not, "get religion" according to Puritanical lights.

In dealing with the witchcraft of the Puritans, we must recall some of the newer religious sects of our day.

The daily prints recently teemed with the antics of "The Holy Ghost and Us" society, whose leader is now an inmate of a federal prison.

His followers believed in him so implicitly that they embarked in a leaky old tub of a vessel, bound for no-one-knows-where, with no adequate supply of food, and without a soul on board who knew how to handle a ship.

They met disaster as soon as they crossed the bar: some died of scurvy, others sprang overboard in the delirium of sea-sickness, and finally the vessel came to grief on rocks.

The leader was sincere in the belief that he had been "called" to preach salvation to those who might be wherever he landed.

His followers had visions which made them give up all and follow their leader, and the Puritans were exactly in this frame of mind when they hung, imprisoned and tortured men, women and children for witchcraft.

Cotton Mather, one of the most gifted of those early New England wonderful men — well-educated, brilliant, austere and half a century ahead of his people in intellectual development, marred the perfection of his life by an absolute belief in witchcraft.

The old chronicler who wrote so fully of witchcraft, in Putnam's Monthly, had given deep thought to his study, and here is a quotation from his article:

"The Devil, whose name from very familiarity has come to be associated with ludicrous, quite as often as with terrific ideas, was the embodiment of all that could affright the soul. They could not ignore or forget him; for they were continually aware of his wiles. Ubiquitous, vigilant, crafty, daring, he strove to win to his service, if it were possible, the very elect. We suspect that the boldest Puritan never cast a furtive glance over his shoulder at night, without fearing that the baleful eyes of the arch enemy might be glaring at him through the dark.

"The intellect at that period did not seem to have a healthy, free action; hemmed in by rigid rules, and feeling a distrust of its powers from disuse, it tottered like an infant if once away from its accustomed surroundings. Though wise at the council board, brave in the field of battle, and ready to die sooner than renounce their faith, their free spirit animated them only while their feet rested on a tangible, firm foundation. To soar with free wings to the heavens, and follow the stars in their circling courses—to descend into the abysses of night, and to pierce there the heart of mystery—was not given to them.

"It seems difficult to imagine how men reared under the influence of English institutions could have departed so far from the principles of jurisprudence which were then well settled. Evidence which would provoke only a smile from us, did we not know that it had driven tender women to the scaffold, was received in court without any apparent sense of its absurd irrelevancy. Indeed, very little of it rested upon the bodily senses of the witnesses; they testified that the acts complained of were done by the 'spectres,' or

'shapes' of the accused: and these they did not pretend to behold with their bodily eyes. The injunction in the Pentateuch, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,' by an old process of reasoning, is made to serve a double purpose. To those who denied the existence of witches, it was urged that the Divine command was surely not in vain; that the malediction would be pointless, if their exploits were fabulous. And if the objector then insisted that upon a capital trial the long-established rules of evidence should be adhered to, the same Scripture was quoted as peremptorily demanding their extirpation. And, therefore, if from the artifices of Satan the legal forms could not be complied with—their evil deeds not being generally appreciable by the natural senses—why, justice was not so to be cheated, and the court must even take the best evidence that could be advanced, and be thankful if any way the 'Thus saith the Lord' could be obeyed. The infatuation that prevailed must have been fearfully strong. When men of learning and character, like the Mathers, gave all their zeal and influence in favor of the prosecutions, what means remained to stem the current of popular prejudice? None but scoffers, the 'witlings of coffee-houses,' as Cotton Mather styles them, discredited the fables that imposed upon the government, or remonstrated against the shedding of innocent blood. Yet it is certain that the Mathers, father and son, had counter-arguments before them, which now must be regarded as conclusive."

In some of the Spiritualistic seances; in writhings of the Holy Rollers; in those of the Holy Ghost and Us Society, the various Adventists, the Mormons and any of the mystic cults which America is borrowing from the mysterious East, the leaders and their followers act in a manner as bewildering to some of us, as the old Puritans acted in their less-enlightened time.

The leader of the "Holy Ghosts," who is now in the federal prison in Atlanta, was, perhaps, as honest in his thought of Divine revelations and instructions as those early Puritans who hanged and tortured by virtue of "thus saith the Lord."

Those accused of witchcraft were duly examined; says the old Chronicler:

"The examinations took place in presence of all the accusing witnesses; nor was the common rule of criminal trials observed, of separating the witnesses, in order to test their agreement with each other. The afflicted persons alleged that they were grievously tormented whenever the witch's eye fell upon them, but were restored by her grasping their arms. Sometimes this was varied by their complaining of receiving hurt when she adjusted her dress, as by pinning a collar anew."

The person accused of witchcraft had a hard time to live, whether found guilty or innocent. Trifles which might have never been noticed, became proofs positive when the unfortunate was "up for trial."

Job Tukey, commonly known as "Stuky," in a moment of pleasantry declared he could "raise the Devil," and he had a hard time keeping his soul in his body, and not making the immediate acquaintance of the Evil One.

Job's examination was conducted with all the fearful formality of the time, and here is a report from the town records of Salem, in 1656:

"Did you not say the other day that you saw the devil? Ans. I knew not then what I said.

—"The said Stuky lookeing upon the afflicted persones struck them down with his eyes and recovered them by taking of them severally by the hand or wrist.

"Mary Warrin in a trance said that Gamaliel Hawkins was dead in Barbados and Job Stuky did stick a great pin into him. * * * Susanna Sheldon said that Stuky had killed one Andrew Woodberry and one Gamaliel —(but was just then choakt.) A little after she proceeded and said that Tuky had murdered Trasks' child, and that he run a great pin into a poppets heart, which killed the said Hawkins.

"Warrin said she saw a young child under the table cryeing out for vengeance upon Stuky.

"Mary Walcott saw 3 men 3 women and two childrens apparishons, who all cryed for vengeance upon Stucky. * * * they appeared in their winding sheets, and looked pale upon her, but Red upon Stuky."—Mass. Archives, Vol. 135, Fol. 28, 1692.

"Susannah Shelden Mary Warren and Ann Putman all testified, yt this 4 of June, when Job Tuckey was examined before ye magistrats wee did see five people yt arose from ye dead; two of them men, two women & one child; which all cryed 'Vengance, Vengance!'

Before John Hathorne Just. Peace." —*ib. fol.* 26.

"John Stacy * * testifieth and sayth that this day hee hard Job Tuckey of Beverly * * say yt he would take mr. Burrows his part; and then the afflicted person * * * were greatly afflicted and did then complaine of him."—*ib. fol* 27.

"Job Tuckey sayth its not he, but ye diuell in his shape yt hurts ye people." —*ib. fol* 26.

"John Lander * * * testifieth, that Job Tuckey * * did this day say, that 'I can as freely discourse the Diuell, as well as he,' speaking to him said Lander."—*ib. fol.* 27.

This proves only one thing—man, in the concrete, is always willing to accept and adopt, anything he cannot understand nor explain. Communities become hysterical just as individuals do, and any physician can foretell the result in a girl's school, when one case of hysteria breaks loose.

The more remote religious cults are, from all that pertain to common-sense and every-day mode of living, the more certain are they to draw to themselves a following.

A sallow-skinned, big-eyed "Yogi" from India with a turban wrapped round his head and a flowing robe about his form, will, with the aid of glass balls and incense, establish a new "cult" in New York or Boston in less time than it takes the tax-collector to make his rounds. His "teachings" will be a mixture of Buddhism, Theosophy, Spiritualism, leading nowhere, explaining nothing and usually appealing to the basest of all in the make-up of the average human. His followers will be above the average, and, unless the police interfere, the cult will run its course and die, as so many others have before it.

The old-fashioned brand of Christianity is not as popular as it was in the days of our grandfathers. The modern church of every denomination has added so much to its ritual and taken so much from its old-time simplicity, the human mind has gradually been educated to demand more of the mystic, the picturesque and the sensational in its religion.

If the true cause of religious cults could be located, isn't it quite probable that the church-at-large may be found responsible for it?

Money, with all it commands, plays a greater part in the "spiritual" affairs of the country than does true religious fervor.

And, as was said in the beginning of this article, every phase of humanity is affected by it.

The end? No one knows. The pious folk believe it simply the fulfilling of the Scriptures that "Many shall come in My name," but there will be scoffers among us who believe we are simply

paying the penalty which the mode of living has exacted.

While we no longer hang nor imprison those who differ from us in religious beliefs, we do "put away for the good of the community" those whose power over the credulous and the ignorant are injurious to the individuals and the community at large, but we have still with us the same spirit of intolerance which the Puritans displayed, though this spirit is shown only by those whose "religion" makes them so.

Man, in the broad sense, doesn't regard his religion as seriously now as his forebears did, excepting when it is "an industry" with him—then he is apt to become as overbearing and intolerant as the law will permit; and our improvement over the days of the Puritans is most noticeable in the attitude of the law regarding religious cults—until the devotees infringe on what the law has prescribed as "the limit," religion, in the United States, has full sway; little of the new cults is of benefit to any but the founders, but history repeats itself, the historians assure us, and in nothing is this more true than in the religious hysteria which has broken out in so many places the past year.

A Law Day at Pepperville

Wm. Herndon

PEPPERVILLE, on Contrary Creek, in the State of Kentucky, is said to be fifteen miles beyond and a great deal hotter than the hottest place "on the map." A little higher up the creek is Contraryville—so called because of the character of its inhabitants. It was long said that each man was "contrarier nor all the rest." Finally it was settled, by common consent, that Lige Buck was the contrariest man in the "whole known world." Of course he always kept a dog and, by poetical or other kind of justice it was "like master like dog." The 'Squire held his courts called "law days," monthly at Pepperville.

Uncle Bingham, now very aged, but full of interesting anecdotes of bygone days, was in fine "kelter" a few days ago at the "store" in Pepperville, and was talking as usual of his old friend the Colonel, who always came from "town" to attend the law days, make a few dollars, and have a good time. There was always a good crowd in court when one of the Colonel's cases was on trial, for much fun was expected and the crowd was never disappointed.

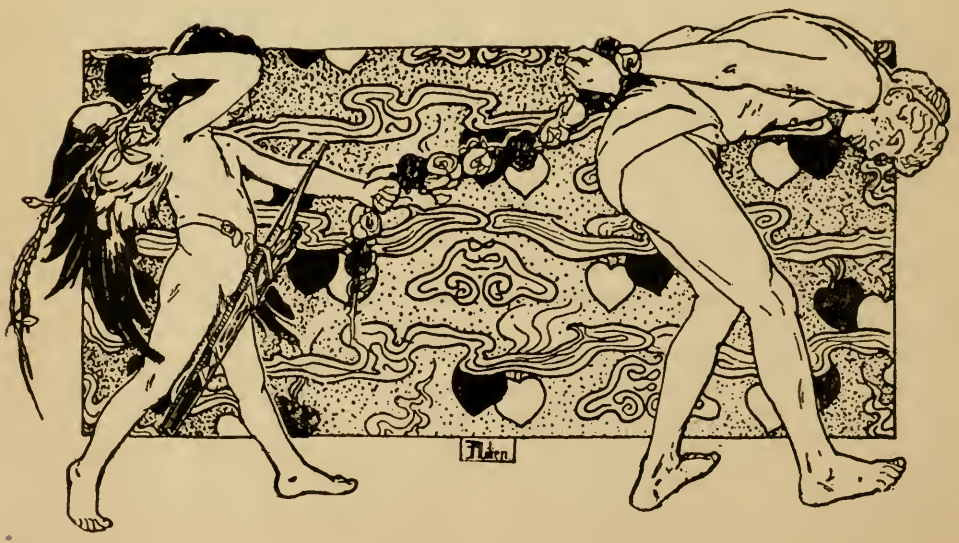
"Tell us, Uncle Bingham," said Tom Collins, "about the lawsuit over the dog." "Oh," said Uncle Bingham, "the boys don't want to hear that." But the boys did want to hear it, and they wanted it bad. "Well," said Uncle Bingham, "Johnson had sued Buck for killing his dog. The Colonel was Buck's lawyer and, as usual when he had a hard case, he tried to laugh it out of court. He argied, at great length, on the oncertainty of sarcumstantial testimony, and said that a conviction on any but positive testimony, told by eyewitnesses would make the 'Squire's daddy, the old 'Squire, turn over and rattle in his coffin. It is true, said, the Colonel, the witnesses saw Buck pint the gun at the dog; they saw the smoke and heerd the crack of the rifle; heerd the dog holler and saw him fall,

and when they got to the body it was dead. But right here, your honor, is the msising link. It is a wise maxim of the law which I have heard you quote a thousand times, that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and a chain is no chain at all if one link is gone; instead of bein' a chain it's two pieces and wont' pull nothin'." Then, pausing for breath he said in thunder tones, 'Here is the missing link, where is the man that saw the bullet hit the dog?'

"Johnson's lawyer labored hard for a long time to prove that the testimony was positive, still there weren't no other conclusion but that Buck killed the dog and that he ought to be made to pay for it.

"The 'Squire adjourned court for a few minutes until they could go behind the store and see a man by the name of Hall (Al-ca-Hall). On resuming the bench the 'Squire said: 'I have been considerin' the case in all of its bearin's and has come to this conclusion. I hold and have allers helt that cause produces effect. Buck pinted the gun and pulled the trigger, the gun went off and the dog hollered and fell jist about the time it would take the bullet to reach him. I therefore hold that Buck killed Johnson's dog (here Johnson and his friends brightened up), and I must hold, as self-defense was not sot up, that Buck was guilty of a onlawful killin' (Johnson's friends encouraged). The only remaining question is the value of the dog. Johnson lied his damages at ten dollars and swore to it. Buck and his witnesses swore that the dog weren't no account for nothin', so that the proof is very oncertain, and I must come at the matter by a course of reasonin', paying no attention to the talk of the parties and the witnesses. This has bothered me not a little bit. But considerin' the breed of the dog and his ornery hungry looks, when I have seen him at Johnson's house, and what I know about his owner, I conclude that no dog that is any account would be Johnson's dog, and nobody but Johnson would own such a mean, sorry looking cuss of a dog, and that no other kind of a dog would a bit Buck, I am forced to the conclusion that the dog weren't wuth a durned cent, and adjudges that Johnson must pay the costs.'

"'The constable will now close the court.'"



Some Reminiscences of the Firing Line

The Bushwhackers of the Sixties

This is no romance I am writing, neither is it a dream or feigned story bred in the brain's imagination, but a very thrilling episode in my life—reality, not fiction. Well, it was during the stormy sixties, if you remember that furious war storm extending from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, leaving ruin and desolation on nearly every acre in this vast territory, and in which the old and young, male and female, directly or indirectly participated, that the things of which I write had their being: and if all the stirring events to individuals during this period were written, why, "I suppose the world itself would not contain the books."

It has been a long time since the night of the 13th of February, 1865, part of a thousand years, and yet the scene of that night is as vivid, as undiminished, as if it had occurred only yesterday. Men's minds, are ordinarily, mere seives through which things pass in and out, leaving little more impression that the traceless track of the arrow through the atmosphere, but let a man be aroused from sleep, and the mind suddenly confronted, without a moment's warning, by the appearance of the death angel, with no apparent means for escape, and my word for it, he will smart and agonize at every pore, and be stirred from centre to circumference, and if the thing takes place in the deep forest at the midnight hour, without a star to bear witness, there will be an intensification of trepidation, leaving a picture on the mind as ineffaceable as the carving on the Egyptian pyramids. If you have ever been scared to death you will understand what I mean. But now for the episode.

Dean's mountain lifts its blue crest twelve hundred feet above the plane or flat lands lying west of it, and is located in Polk County, Tennessee, constituting a link in that range of mountains rising in North Georgia and running northward one hundred miles. In this Tennessee mountain country lived three classes of people, those who sided with the Southern cause, Union men, and class number three, not caring which sile won if they could fatten on the spoils of either, and these were known as the Bushwhackers. They were Union or Confederate in proportion as their interests were enhanced or diminished by

the success or failure of the cause represented. They were armed to the teeth, and marauded in bands, preying on horses, mules, cattle, hogs and such other property as they could steal, taking human life when in the way of their pillage, and were doubtless lineal descendants of the Tories of the Revolution.

For many miles west and southwest of Dean's Mountain, the country was somewhat neutral, being off the railroads, except an occasional scouting party in search of supplies, and it was into this section a little company consisting of seven Confederates, three officers, Captain Bible, Lieutenants Donaldson and myself, and privates Haney, McConnell, Crockett and Renfro, had been sent under orders of General Breckinridge to recruit our depleted companies, but the waning fortunes of the Confederacy had so dampened the ardor of the young men ,or boys, for all the older ones were in the army, that after a week spent in the valley west of the mountain, we found our efforts unavailing, and so on the afternoon of the date mentioned, we left our rendezvous and following an Indian trail over Dean's mountain pulled our way to its top, and as night was near, turned to the left and encamped a few hundred yards from this path. We were all well armed and mounted and after unsaddling the horess, kindled a small fire, when McConnell and myself walked back to the top of the mountain, a short distance from the camp, and seated ourselves on a large projecting rock, for a last view of the beautiful valley; and from where we were seated could be seen towns, villages and plantations dotting a vast scope of country, as well as the two rivers, the Ocoee and Hiwassee, no longer the foaming torrents they had been, leaping over precipices and rushing violently through narrow mountain passes, but calmly rolling to their confluence in their westward course. The scene is grandly picturesque and for the time being "war's dread alarums" were forgotten as we chatted of school days, sweethearts and a hopeful future. There on that white-faced stone we sat perhaps half an hour, absorbed with the magnificence around us, quaffing the spirit of the mountains, and as we supposed far away from danger; but not so, for we had been seen, and within fifty or seventy-five yards of our resting place, fifteen bushwhackers were hiding in a large cliff with the dreadful purpose of heart, to shoot to death McConnell and myself and were taking deliberate aim, with fingers on the triggers, when one of the gang whispered low in their ears, "wait till night and we will bag the whole bunch." This information came to me from Mr. Renfrow after the war, who had been captured that night and to whom these Bushwhackers made the foregoing statement. But to return. McConnell and myself retraced our steps to the little camp-fire, about dark. The locality was mountainous, rugged, covered with large projecting rocks, but with little undergrowth, and covered with large trees, mostly pines. After awhile the blankets were spread, boots, coats, hats and firearms were piled up against nearby trees, and six men lay down on one side with feet to the fire, while the seventh man, Mr. Renfro, fixed his bed on the other, and soon all was perfectly quiet. Black clouds obscured the blue above, not a star could be seen nor a sound heard, save the moaning pines as they bowed to the night winds, whisperings of the supernatural and the wierd presence of hobgoblins filled the air. It was just such a night, methinks, as hungry beasts seek innocent prey, but whilst this sensation of loneliness existed no thought of danger had entered our minds. All but myself seemed sleeping; I just couldn't slumber, and it seemed strange that I should have been so wrought upon by some unseen, yet real influence, as to drive the drowsy

god from my eyes. It was not the fear of a night attack, for no thought of soldiers or bushwhackers occurred to me. Was it the blackness of the night or the sighing forest that unnerved me and would not down at my bidding, or was it some sweet spirit whose friendly mission from the spirit land, cognizant of the danger, wanted to communicate with me? I rather think it was a messenger from the unknown, but be this as it may, the invisible wrestler did not leave me till late in the night, not till nature grew too tired to longer struggle, and then I fell asleep, but only for a brief time, when I was suddenly aroused by the rush of the Bushwhackers upon us. Ah me; while I write after all the intervening years, I seem to see the demons, pitiless as the wolf for the bleating mother of her lost lamb, and I hear again—

"Their hideous yells
Rending the dark welkin."

And I look into the mouths of ugly guns and trace by the red glare of the burning coals the relentless savage, on whose faces was plainly written the greed of the robber and the malice of the murderer. If there be anything in metempsychoses, the Hindoos idea of transmigration of souls at death, then here were subjects justifying that belief and that into the trunks of these men were incarnated the souls of ancient Cains or the vicious tigers of the jungles. They must have crept to within ten paces of where we were sleeping, before rushing on us with fiendish yells, for the next moment the whole band had reached the opposite side of the fire within eight feet of us, shouting "surrender, surrender," and as quick as thought I replied, "all right, we surrender," when eight or ten guns were simultaneously discharged at the six men. "Whether in the body or out of the body," I hardly knew, but my fleetness was as wonderful to me as it was gratifying, for amid the flash of their guns, I sprang toward the darkness. How far I ran, or flew, I know not, perhaps three hundred yards, heedless of anything in my front, and of the time made in that run, I will not venture lest I appear extravagant, but the momentum was so forceful as I entered the lap of a pine tree, blown down perhaps a year previous, to break most of the dead limbs and bring me sprawling to the ground, but in an instant I was on my feet for another flight, when I heard from behind the low whistle of Captain Bible, and then I slowed up until he, McConnell and Donaldson overtook me and we four halted. "Didn't they have the d——st longest guns you ever saw?" was the quaint inquiry of McConnell and the dry remark caused an immediate transition from fright to humor, and we thereupon resolved, after a few moment's consultation, to return to the tragic scene; and so began a much slower march back than our precipitate flight from the camp, but we were in a dilapidated condition, barefooted, bareheaded and without a weapon. However, we soon reached the camp, but the robbers had fled, taking with them our horses, arms and clothing, but these were of little worth compared to the loss of poor Haney, whom we found dead, having been pierced with a number of balls. His parents lived below the mountain a distance of four miles, and of course his body must not be left, and so nothing remained for us but to carry the noble young man in our arms to his home: hastily, though tenderly, we started on the sad journey, and when half way down the mountain met a friend with a horse, who kindly tendered the use of this living hearse. Poor Haney, he was brave and true, and it seemed a hard lot that one who had escaped unscathed in so many battles, should now, at the close of that terrible struggle, fall a victim to the assassin's cowardly hands. We carried him home where his aged father and sisters received the dead son and brother with

weeping eyes and anguished hearts. Kindly help came to us from friends in the neighborhood, with clothing and shoes, and after a few days' hiding we again left the lowlands and passed in safety to our commands. Crockett had received four shots, leaving him desperately wounded, yet he had fled from the camp and escaped to the home of a friend, and was afterwards brought out of the country by our party as we left it. Renfroe alone was captured and kept until after the cessation of hostilities and it was from him I learned some things about these men. Renfro asked them why they shot us up after our surrender. "Because," replied they, "we feared a fight and while we had the advantage we determined to use it by killing the six men." We were in a poor plight for fighting, without arms, numbering only seven, while they numbered fifteen and were well armed. These men, we afterwards learned, lived in this mountain country, some of whom were deserters from the Southern army during the waning days of the Confederacy, and are now, if living, in all probability drawing pensions from the Government. We also learned the names of most of these Bushwhackers and it was my privilege after the close of the war, while a law student in Dalton, Georgia, in the summer of 1865, to meet with one of the supposed gang, whose name was Dodson, and a man of that name was in the party. While at the Post Office I heard him make inquiry for mail. I at once suspected him and asked where he lived. He replied, "on Greasy Creek," Tennessee, and this fixed the locality. I charged him with the robbery and murder, calling his attention to the time and place, whereupon he at once grew pale, but denied his own guilt, saying his brother and not himself was with the gang. I believed him guilty and that he was lying, and caught him by the collar and placing my knife to his windpipe, not with the slightest intent of violence, but to give him a good scare, because I believed he was one of the Bushwhackers and think so now. So there we stood in that attitude for perhaps two minutes, he making no effort to free himself, trembling like an aspen leaf, when I finally told him if he would flee from the wrath to come flee for his life, I would let him go, but would be an avenger on his heels. And as I slackened my hold he sprang into the street and I had the extreme delight of seeing a man run after the order of my own flight on the mountain. Then I went to my office, sat down and gave vent to gladness of heart, for I had paid him back in kind. F. M. Longley.

LaGrange, Ga.

A Georgia Dominecker

(The following is one of the most pathetic incidents of the Civil War, and is used by Mr. Watson in his story of the Confederacy, "Bethany.")

The gallant Colonel Bill Deloney told it to me and so I give it to you. While at home recruiting his command in men and horses, an old farmer friend came to him and said: "Bill, my boy here has got the war fever. His mother and I have tried to get it out of him, but it's no use. He swears he'll run away if I don't let him go, so I've mounted him on the best racing colt I had, and here he is. Take him with you, but I've this much to say: If he ever shows the dominecker, kill him right then and there—don't let him come home!"

The old farmer raised game chickens and fought them, too. He had a supreme contempt for dominecker roosters because he didn't think they would fight, and that was his blunt way of describing a coward.

Deloney turned and saw a fair-haired country lad of seventeen, standing perfectly erect, his lips compressed, but a vivid fire flashing from his steel-blue eyes. The boy never said a word, part-

ed tenderly from his old father and went to Virginia to join the cavalry.

Deloney watched with pride the rapid improvement of the young recruit, but had forgotten the incident until the great cavalry fight at Brandy Station. When squadrons were charging and countercharging with the intrepid elan and dash of the light brigade, Pierce Young suddenly ordered him to attack a Federal brigade that was formerly on the flank.

"Go right among them, Bill, and break them up with cold steel," was the rejoinder, "don't give them time to form!"

The words were hardly spoken when his command, Deloney far in advance, was sweeping down upon the foe, but before he was within a hundred feet of the enemy something went by him like a cyclone's breath—the Georgia boy was standing on tiptoe in his stirrups, bareheaded, his golden hair streaming, with sabre high in the air, and as he passed with the light of battle on his face, and eyes flashing defiance, he turned in his saddle and shouted:

"Colonel, here's your dominecker!"

A moment more and he struck the enemy's line like a cannon ball, his sabre flashing on every hand, until he was literally hacked down by the startled foemen.

When the fight was over, Deloney looked for him, and there he lay in the calm of death; his boyish face glorified with the dying thought, "They'll tell Pa I never showed the dominecker."

H. DE LACY CONWAY.

The Seige of Bryant's Station and The Battle of Blue Licks

Margaret Wilkinson

AS we read the history of men and nations we find tragedy written on nearly every page. We read, turn the page, and forget; but, there is one page in Kentucky history no loyal Kentuckian can ever forget. It was written in the life-blood of our heroic and fearless forefathers.

On Friday morning, August 16th, 1782, their fort at Bryant's Station, on the Elkhorn, was stealthily surrounded by five hundred Indians and Canadians, led by Capt Caldwell and the infamous traitor, Simon Girty.

The men of the fort had prepared to march to the relief of Hay's Station. When they found that they, themselves, were besieged, Thomas Bell and Nicholas Tomlinson made their escape, and hurried to Lexington for reinforcements.

Suddenly the awful truth flashed upon those within. They were without water. For the men to go to the spring meant destruction. Never was there greater demand for heroic self-sacrifice, and never was the sacrifice more willingly made. Gathering all the vessels, the women and girls marchd to the spring, within range of the rifles of two hundred savages.

"The women of ancient Sparta pointed
out the heroic way—
The women of pioneer Kentucky trod
it."

Was there ever such "stately steppings" as the march of these women and girls into the fort, with all the vessels filled?

Girty planned to draw the garrison

away from the side of his main force, but the wise pioneers were ready for him. As a decoy, thirteen men rushed out of the southeast gate, firing as they ran. Immediately turning, they dashed back into the fort again.

Believing the garrison engaged on the other side a horde of Indians dashed up the hill. The war-whoop ended in shrieks of pain, as one volley of rifle-shot crashed from the port-holes. As if by miracle a stiff east wind saved the fort from burning.

The reinforcements came in sight about two o clock. The sixteen mounted men made the fort without losing a man. The footmen were cut off, but all save two escaped through the corn to Lexington.

The disheartened enemy decided they could not take the fort. After devastating everything within reach they stole away. Thus ended the most glorious victory of our pioneer forefathers.

The destruction was too great to go unavenged. On Sunday the one hundred and eighty-two men now within the fort agreed to make a vigorous pursuit at once. Before nightfall on Monday they spied a few Indians a mile beyond the Licking stream. Behind them only twenty hours' march were four hundred reinforcements. The spies sent out failed to locate the enemy. In the midst of a hasty council McGary raised his rifle above his head and spurring his horse into the river, exclaimed, "Delay is dastardly; let all who are not cowards follow me." The unflinching courage of the Kentuckians yielded to foolish pride. Reaching the spot where now the Sardis turnpike leaves the Lexington road, Boone was given command on the left, Trigg on the right, and Todd, chief in command, took the center. Protected by the trees and underbrush, the Indians aimed well. In less than three minutes Todd, Trigg, Harlan, Gordon, and thirty-four others were dead. Their only chance lay in a mad rush for the river. The Indians pursued, cutting and slashing as they ran. Only about one hundred escaped through the woods. The prompt command of brave Benjamin Netherland saved most of these.

As the news reaches the fort, let us reverently turn the page; but, as we write of our noble forefathers who went down that August day—no, not down, but up; up to a hero's rest, up to a martyr's crown, let it be a call to Kentucky's boys and girls to prove themselves worthy of so priceless a heritage.

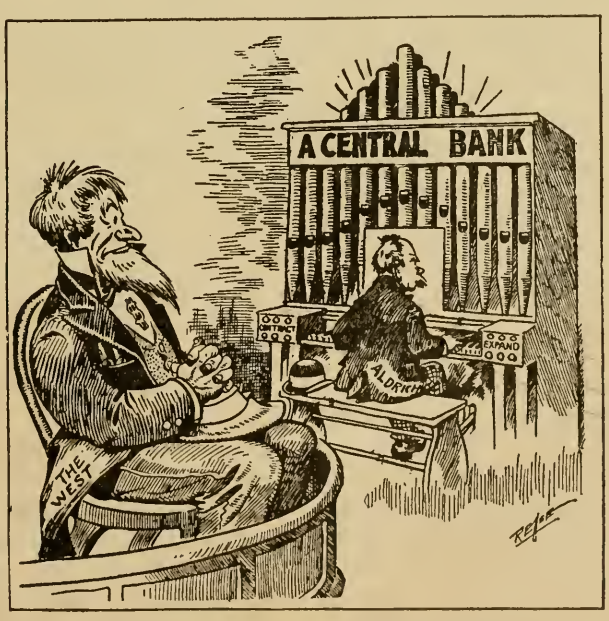
A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By THE EDITOR

THE Morgan-Aldrich monetary scheme reminds me of Shaftesbury's "Thorough." The subtle, liberty-hating minister of Charles I. believed he had perfected a plan whereby the Divine Right of Kings would be established on so firm a foundation that the underlings would never trouble rulers again. In the end, the underlings chopped off his ingenious and unscrupulous head. What will happen to such oppressors of their fellow-men, as the Morgan-Aldrich plutocrats are, no one can foretell. The "ides of March" have not passed, yet. If the diabolically contrived new monetary plan is put into operation and the people submit to it, our heroic ancestors will have fought in vain the battle for freedom and equality.

* * *

In the first place, no nation should surrender, forever, the sovereign power to create money. The highest courts of Europe and America have decided, again and again, that each government is clothed with this inherent power, as a vital part of its sovereignty. Only



"Central Reserve Association"

—Rehse, in St. Paul *Pioneer Press*

in times of anarchy, or feudal dismemberment of the central power, did kings permit private citizens to create money. Even the weak and depraved Stuart kings maintained the royal prerogative of coinage, until Barbara Villiers cozened her lover, Charles II., into licensing the goldsmiths of London to exercise the regal function.

* * *

For the government to mutiate itself, permanently, by lopping off one of the historic and inherent parts of sovereignty — and perhaps its most important part—would be a ruinous mistake and a crime against the people. In time of peace, those who issue the currency and control its volume are masters of markets and values. They can lessen the supply of money, and lower prices; they can increase the supply of money, and raise prices. Our national bankers have done that repeatedly within the last twenty-five years.

In time of war, a government which has surrendered its power to create money would be absolutely helpless. Without paper money, panics cannot be stopped. Without paper money, our Revolutionary fathers could not have won independence. Without paper money the vast armies of the Union could not have been kept in the field. Surrender to the banks the monopoly of creating the money, and you simply transfer government to them.

* * *

One of the first consequences of adopting the Morgan-Aldrich plan would be the destruction of the Greenbacks. They would be automatically retired.

The law requires that whenever a bill of that kind is redeemed at the Treasury, another shall be issued in its place. Thus, the sum total—$346,000,000—is never diminished.

But the national bankers have always begrudged these Greenbacks the place which they fill and the service they perform. To the extent that they circulate, they displace an equal amount of bank notes. The bankers regard these Greenbacks as rivals, that should be put out of business. And the Morgan-Aldrich bill would accomplish just that. If Congress gives the new banking system the exclusive power to issue paper money, the Greenbacks would be quickly and quietly gathered in by the new banks, and presented at the Treasury for redemption in gold. Notes could not be issued to take their place, *because the old law would have been repealed by the new.* The act which requires the re-issue would be in conflict with the act which grants exclusive rights to the new banks: therefore the new act would have superseded the old. Thus the Greenbacks would be retired, without a direct fight on them. They would be cast into the furnace and burned, just as $1,800,000,000 of our paper currency was consumed, just after the Civil War.

* * *

Under the present system, the Morgan banks use some of the public funds, all the time. Millions of dollars of these public monies are in Morgan's private business. No interest is paid. During the panic of 1907—caused by Morgan and his allies—they had the use of $165,000,000 of public money. No interest was paid.

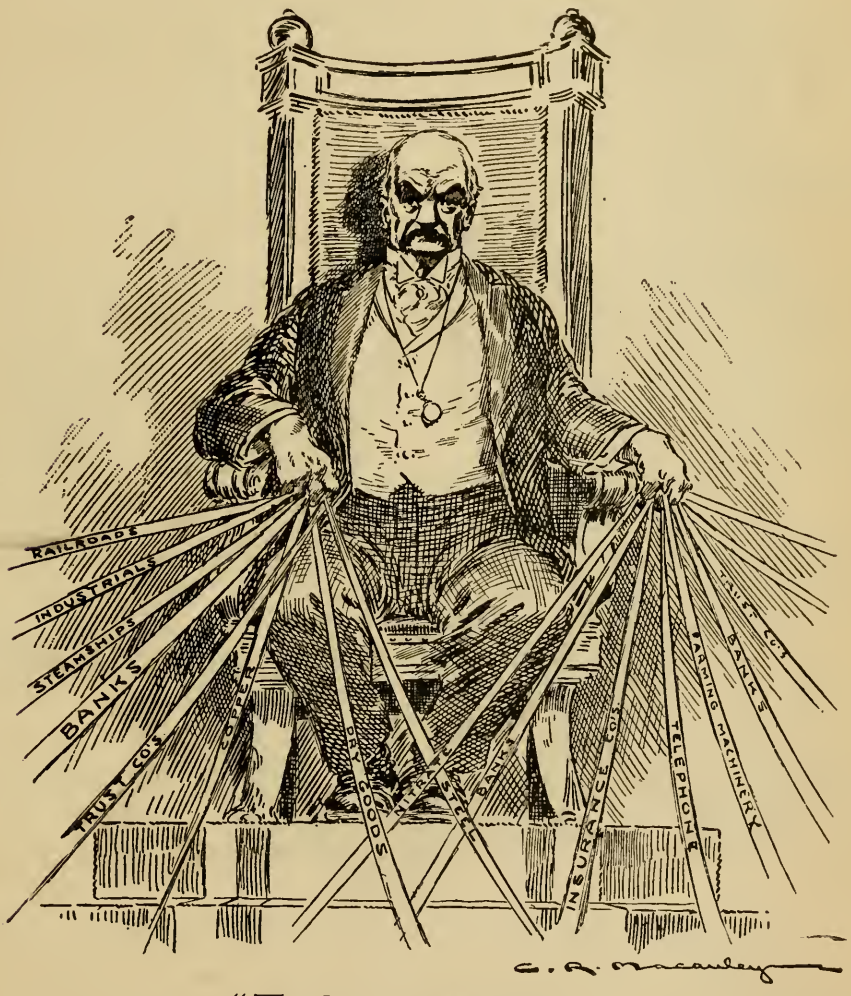
But Morgan wants *all* of the public money. He doesn't like the idea of the government keeping any of it. Hence, in this new plan it is brazenly proposed that the banks shall be the custodian of every dollar of governmental revenue.

If Nicholas Biddle's little national bank could afford to lend Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and other Congressmen enormous sums—for those days—which were never expected to be repaid, what could the colossal Morgan-Ald-

rich system not afford to pay for Congressional influence?

* * *

The Morgan-Aldrich plan anticipates the expiration of the charters of the present national banks. In two or three years they will have to ask of Congress another twenty-year lease of life. That a bitter fight will be made against such renewal, is inevitable. If the Wall street plutocrats can put their new plan through, the question of re-chartering will not come up, at all. With an unlimited license to create money; with the privilege of issuing notes based on commercial paper; and with the liberty to use *all* of the government's revenues in their private business, these new banks would rise in such portentuous, formidable, irresistible supremacy as would shade the government into comparative insignificance.



"The God of the Machine" —New York *World*

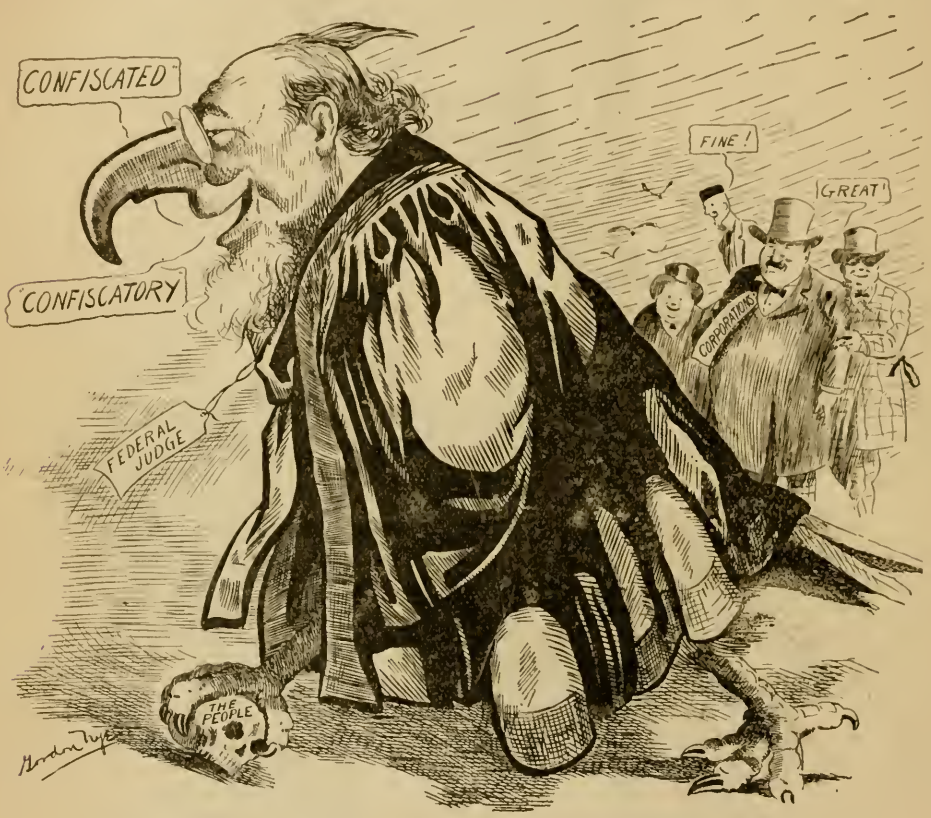
With a Senate of Lorimers, Baileys, Tillmans and Smoots: with a House of Cannons, Dalzells, Sparkmans, Estopinals and Burkes, where would be the power to restrain these banks?

Their attorneys on the bench, their attorneys in the Cabinet, their elect in

the White House, their henchmen in control of the news-service and the press—where would the common people come in, save for the part of the pillaged and enslaved?

IN the Feudal Ages, the strong-armed Kings oppressed the Lords, and the Lords, in turn, oppressed the common. As all the world knows, a Plantagenet in England overstepped the bounds and provoked his nobles into revolt. At Runnymede, the barons, sword in hand, wrested from tyrant John, *Magna Carta*, the great enumeration of our liberties. In that Charter was the clause protecting the citizen from the arbitrary imprisonment of his person, and the lawless seizure of his property. Without due process of law, no man was to be deprived of his personal freedom, nor of his lands, chattels, etc. This clause in the Great Charter was incorporated in the Bill of Rights inserted in the Constitution of each State, and it was also included in one of the Amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

That's all simple enough, isn't it? If you were asked the meaning of the clause, wouldn't you answer that it safeguarded the citizen from being imprisoned without a warrant, and from being robbed of his land, or his cattle, or his merchandise by some angry creditor or claimant, without a suit at law? Your answer would be absolutely correct, from the stand-point of history and of law.



Federal Judges Have Become Allies of the Trusts

Yet the Federal judges have tortured that simple clause into meaning that, if corporations are subjected to

laws which deprive them of reasonable *profits*, their property is *confiscated*, within the meaning of *Magna Carta!*

Inferior Federal judges have insolently overridden Governors, State legislatures and State commissions, annulling State laws upon the ground that, because they made "reasonable *profits*" impossible, they had deprived the corporations of their *property!*

Such a construction of the Great Charter would be inconceivable, did we see the Federal judges at work.

JUDGE HOOK, who appears to be slated for the U. S. Supreme Court, knocked out the Oklahoma 2-cent passenger rate, upon the ground that it confiscated—what? *Profits!*

Where is there anything about *profits*, in any Bill of Rights? Where is there a word about *profits*, in the Fourteenth Amendment?

The lawyer who construes "*property*" to mean *profits*, also, is either a fool or a knave. And these Federal judges are not fools.

Over in Alabama *a referee* in the inferior Federal Court has decided that her freight-rate statute is unconstitutional because, under it, the Central of Georgia Railroad cannot earn "reasonable profits."

The natural person, created by the Almighty, must take his chances at making profits. The law stops at protecting his property. But the artificial person, created by man, must not only be protected in his property, but in his profits, also.

Thus we have an aristocracy of wealth, a privileged class, that *must* be allowed to have their riches increased, regardless of the condition of all other classes of people.

IS the Payne-Aldrich law "confiscatory"? It knocked all the profits out of the cotton fields.

THE U. S. Government has taken over four Romanist Indian schools. The Romanist teachers were continued in charge, without having to undergo the Civil-Service examination.

If Mr. Taft does not get the Romanist vote, after all his crawling and complaisance, no other tricky politician need try. He is a queer sort of Unitarian. He is a marvelous Mason. He is a phenomenal American.

Some time when he is tired of traveling and playing golf, he ought to read the Constitution.

CHRISTIAN nations are gobbling up the ancient empire of Cyrus. Christian nations are whetting knives, to carve the vast domains of China. A Christian nation has clutched a province of the Turk, two of whose provinces another Christian nation pounced upon in 1910.

The work of Christian governments must afford a fine object lesson for the missionaries to impress upon the plastic minds of the heathen.

* * *

Those who have tumultuously approved the Taft peace-treaties—without reading them, perhaps—would do well to reflect that it is a dangerous thing to re-deputize a deputized power. We have already seen how the President has used the Tariff Board as a buffer against downward revision. It is a violation of fundamental principles to re-delegate a delegated authority. The people of all the States, acting separately and independently, in each State, surrendered to the Federal Government the right to impose taxes, and to make treaties with foreign nations. The President and the Congress, acting together, may levy import duties, *to support the Government*. To levy such duties—through a Tariff Board, or otherwise—for the purpose of insuring reasonable profies to manufacturers, is not only an outrageous injustice to other industries, but is a

brazen violation of the Federal Constitution. And to install an expensive "Board," to carry out this illegal and infernal policy, is an intolerable aggravation of the wrong.

In like manner, the surrender to a Commission of the peace-or-war powers of the President and Senate is to embark the Government on a shoreless sea.

The tendency of the age is, to bring government closer to the people. *This redelegation of delegated powers, puts government out of the reach of the people.*

* * *

When Sir Edward Gray, England's Minister for Foreign Affairs, was questioned in Parliament, concerning the pending arbitration treaty, between his government and ours, he stated that it would probably lead to a compact which would give to each country the armed support of the other in case of conflict with any of the Powers.

As Senator Hitchcock of Nebraska points out, this official statement of the British Minister deserves the most serious consideration.

WHILE the offensive and defensive alliance suggested by Sir Edward Grey is as yet too remote for discussion, there is no doubt that English diplomats have long looked forward to such an arrangement. The United States undoubtedly had an understanding with the British government during the Spanish war. In return for British acquiescence while we trounced poor old priest-ridden Spain, the United States were very much more than acquiescent while Great Britain made bloody, indefensible war upon the South African republics.

Our Government allowed men, mules and munitions to be collected in this country, when the avowed purpose was to use them against the Boers, who were battling for independence, just as our forefathers had done.

Great Britain's position has become precarious. Her frontier is too extended; her subject peoples are feeling the world-movement of nationality; she is on the brink of internecine disruption; she barely holds her grip on Ireland; she is afraid of Germany; she is in a false position, both as to Japan and to Russia. Of course, she ardently desires the support of so powerful a confederacy as that of these United States.

CANDOR compels me to say, that, if our colonial policy and our Dollar Diplomacy have come to stay, we will find foreign alliances indispensably necessary. As long as common sense controlled our national councils, we were content with the republic whose varied resources satisfied every legitimate requirement of every variety of mankind. Henry Clay used to congratulate his country upon that peculiar good fortune. He declared that we possessed everything that any nation could desire.

The broad oceans that separate us from Europe, Asia and Africa are the inexpensive, indestructible and invincible defenses which were amply sufficient for our protection.

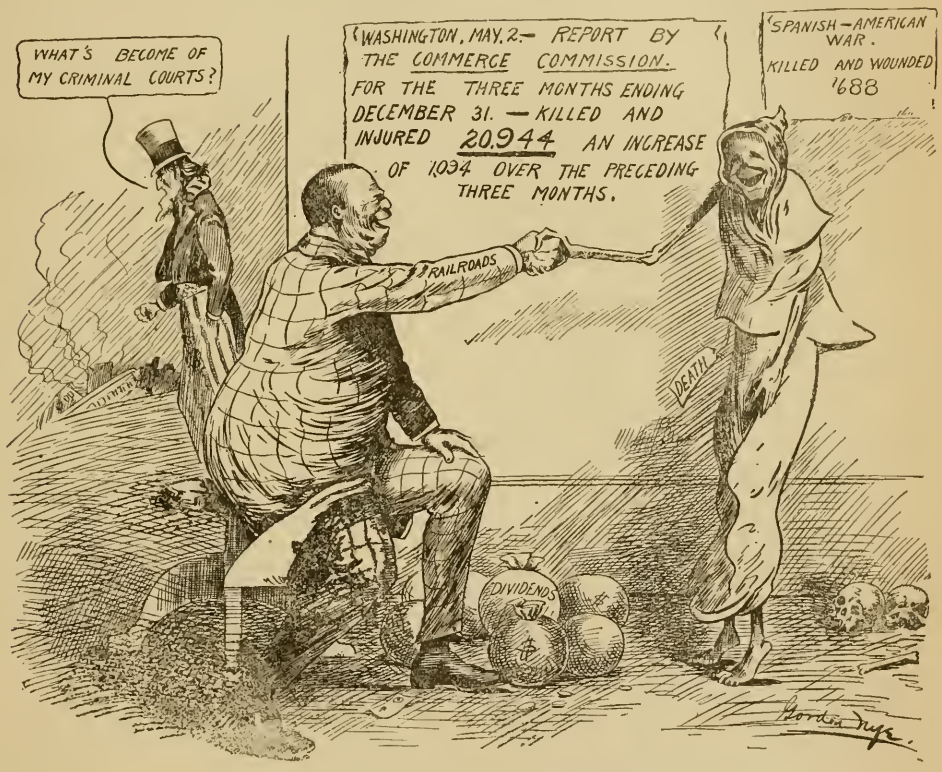
But when we went into the game of land-grabbing; when we stretched our frontier thousands of miles, we created the necessity for a powerful navy and for alliances with other powers.

In short, as long as we persisted in the effort to have a government *different* from those of the Old World, we did not need to adopt Old World methods.

IN 1911, there were 12,242 suicides in this joyous land. There were 8,272 murders. There were homicides by railroads to the number of about 10,000. Of the 90,000 people who were hurt, but not killed outright, other thousands died afterwards.

These statistics were gathered by the Chicago *Tribune*.

How many people were slain by automobiles? How many by fire-trap horrors? How many by industrial accidents and mine explosions? How many by adulterated and poisoned food? How many by white slave demons? How many by red liquor?



The Friend of Death—Railroads

How many by cigarettes, soft drinks and venereal disease? How many by cold, hunger and exposure?

THE West Tennessee Land Company has gained its suit for the recovery of Reelfoot Lake.

Did the lawyer who represented the State and the people make the point that *the public had acquired a title by prescription?*

If not, they missed the principle that governs the case.

The West Tennessee Co. bought up those old land grants only a few years ago. *Nobody had ever taken possession under them.* But the people living along the Lake *had* taken possession, and had been peaceably, continuously and exclusively in the enjoyment thereof for more than half a century. Therefore, the people, the public, have a complete title to that body of water —and the land covered by it.

The lawyers for the State contended that Reelfoot Lake was *navigable water*, and therefore could not be granted to a private corporation.

The lake is practically land-locked, is only eight feet deep—on an average —and is only seventeen miles long. Boats have never plied on it; and it does not afford a route from any town or port, to any other.

Therefore, to rest the State's case

upon the ground that the lake was navigable water was perfectly absurd.

Let the Reelfoot people bring another case, on the line I have suggested, and they will win.

THE *Literary Digest* cannot be classed as a foe to Foreign Missions. It shows some signs of having reached the conclusion that the modern methods are wrong; but it hasn't said so, yet.

In the issue for Jan. 13, 1912, appears an article whose headline reads—

"DIMINISHED MISSIONARY GIVING."

It appears that there was a big slump in Great Britain; and that the sum total of donations to foreign missions was several hundred thousand dollars less than in 1910.

Owing to the woman's and laymen's movement in this country, the contributions were larger than in 1910; but the increase was the smallest in many years.

But the most discouraging feature of the situation is, that, while 80,000 new "converts" were enrolled, 75,000 dropped back into what we are pleased to call "heathenism."

According to the figures of the Edinburgh Congress of 1910, there were 98,000 of the native converts being carried on the missionary pay-rolls.

Were 75,000 of these separated from the salaries? Or did 75,000 of the converts apply for quinine, and fail to get it?

Or did 75,000 of the converts reach the conclusion that they had got all the education, medical treatment, trained-nurse ministrations, etc., that they were apt to get, and for that cause quit posing as converts?

Who can say?

And how can we tell how long the 80,000 converts booked in 1911, may have to be unbooked this year?

If the diminution of European and American largesse *grows*, I expect to see a great scamper of the converts, in one direction; and of the missionaries, in another.

AS predicted in the Survey for January, our Mr. Shuster had to quit ruling the ancient empire of Xerxes—or what's left of it, rather. Russia being determined upon it, the helpless Persians had to dispense with the further services of the honest and courageous young man, who had been put in charge of the finances.

Russia sent troops into Persia; and it is reported that the most barbarous cruelties were perpetrated by the Czar's Cossacks.

There is almost no government at all in that distracted land. Soon there may be no security for life and property. When that climax is reached, the robbers—Russia and England—will seize and divide the prey.

ON the 1st of January, last, Dr. Sun Yat-Sen took the oath as provisional President of the republic of China. Whether this latest born of democracies can live, remains to be seen. The imperialists have not exhausted their resources, nor given up hope.

IN a Survey of the World, one may perceive a small object which may have a great significance. For instance, here is a letter that means much:

"Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 9, 1912.
Watson's Magazine,
Thomson, Ga.

I am in receipt of a card from you, saying, 'As I am a subscriber to "Watson's Magazine,"' which indicated that I am interested in your work, you would ask me to encourage you to the extent of sending you one new subscriber at the full price of $1.00."

I wish to say, in the first place, you mis-state facts. I am not, never have been, and never will be a subscriber to your infamous, scurrilous publication.

Secondly, I have written you several cards, requesting that you cease sending your publications to me. They are very promptly consigned to the waste-basket unopened.

Your class of writing, containing such beastly slanderous falsehoods against the Catholic religion, may appeal to the ignorant and debased, but no intelligent person would even read such stuff.

I again suggest that it might be wise for you not to waste any further postage upon me, as I feel sure that you will need every cent you can get, to carry on your slanderous crusade.

Respectfully,
MISS JENNIE C. MORRISSEY,
Care of Liberty Mills."

* * *

From the above, you learn that the lady, whose name is signed to it, received a courteous card which she might either have politely answered, or quietly ignored. She was a subscriber to Senator Bob Taylor's magazine; and she received ours, by virtue of the agreement between the *Taylor-Trotwood*, and the *Watson's*.

The cards which the lady wrote us, were never seen by me; else she would not have been annoyed by the continued coming of a continuously offensive periodical.

Perhaps she does not know that it was her privilege to have refused the magazine at the post-office.

Inasmuch as the wrappers were not opened, and inasmuch as the magazines "were promptly consigned to the waste-basket," I must assume that it was hearsay evidence which convinced her that they were "infamous, scurrilous" and "slanderous." As she grows older, she will learn the unreliability of hearsay testimony. She will also learn that nobody can "mis-state *facts*." There is a delightful difference between some misstatements, and some facts.

The lady states that my "class of writing, containing such beastly slanderous falsehoods against the Catholic religion may appeal to the ignorant and debased," etc.

Can the lady tell me what better scheme could be devised to keep people ignorant, *than that which allows them to read only one side?*

How can she know that "such stuff" is "beastly slanderous falsehoods"? She hasn't read it; and the waste-basket tells no tales.

I will pay her priest $100 *for every such slander that he can find in any of my writings;* and I will leave the decision to the Faculty of Vanderbilt University.

What say you, Miss Jennie C. Morrissey, care Liberty Mills?

Let your priest meet me in the open, LIKE A MAN!

* * *

Speaking of an "infamous, scurrilous publication", *reminds me of one which is owned by devout Roman Catholics.* I refer to *Collier's Weekly.* I wonder whether it is read by "Miss Jennie C. Morrissey, care Liberty Mills"?

Discussing the raping of white women by negro brutes, this Roman Catholic magazine said, EDITORIALLY:

"*It is well known* that many identifications" (of the negro by his victim) "are sheer hysteria, often for crimes that never were committed, and many other charges and identifications are *founded on something worse than hysterical invention:* THEY ARE THE EASIEST ESCAPE FROM SCANDAL."

Is the meaning of *that* quite apparent to the "intelligence" of "Miss Jennie Morrissey, care Liberty Mills"?

If she had described *the Roman Catholic publication*, as being slanderous, and had accused *its* editor of writing "*beastly slanderous falsehoods*," she would have hit the nail on the head.

The lady closes by saying it *might* be wise for me "not to waste any further postage" on her. I suppose she

means, additional postage. I am going to be guided by this timely advise. Never, under any conceivable circumstances, will I waste additional postage upon "Miss Jennie C. Morrissey, care Liberty Mills."

THE following items are taken from the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, of Jan. 13th, 1912:

With nine hungry mouths to feed and as many bodies to protect from the cold, while her husband is sick in bed as a result of his efforts to supply nourishment when he was in no condition to work, Mrs. Camilo Gambo, in a couple of rooms at 508 Pennsylvania avenue, has a heavy weight on her shoulders. This morning, thinly clad, she walked through the biting air seven blocks to the Northwestern Police Station, where she sobbed out her tale to the police. When she left she carried 11 loaves of bread and some clothing.

Twelve cases of suffering have been reported at the Northern Police Station since yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Rabold, 65 years old, 426 Singer avenue, was found starving by the bedside of her son, Edward Rabold, 25 years old, who has been suffering with tuberculosis for the last four months. She has no means of support.

Mrs. Sadie Hileman, 16 Plymouth street, a widow with five children, is in destitute circumstances. She is sick and her children are too young to work. When a policeman visited the house there was no fire, the mother saying she had no money to get coal. A few bread crusts were the total food supply.

James McCubbin, 2538 Mary's court, with his wife and five children, are all sick at their fireless home. Not one particle of food was in the house yesterday.

Mrs. Margaret A. Taylor, 65 years old, who lives in the second-story back room of 2329 Druid Hill avenue, is sick in bed without any fuel or food.

The other cases, while revealing much suffering, were more like the usual circumstances. They were all placed in the hands of the Federated Charities.

There isn't a city in the United States where similar conditions do not prevail. What is the primary cause? It is monopoly-making legislation which enables a few human hogs to get nearly all of the wealth of the country.

AT the instance of Robert Bacon, so it is said, the French government is giving to J. P. Morgan the same protection accorded to crowned heads. That is, the best secret service men are detailed to safeguard him from harm.

Well, why not? He is very much more of a real King than Alfonso, Edward Guelph, or William Hohenzollern. He has more money than all crowned heads put together. His lawyers are in the Senate and Cabinet. The U. S. Treasury is one of his branch banks. The U. S. Army and Navy are at his beck and call. Even now the troops are crossing the deep waters, from Manila to China, to protect one of Morgan's railroads. The President virtually acted as a Morgan loan-agent in the matter of the $50,000,000, which China did not wish to borrow from Morgan. With one of his former partners acting as our Ambassador to France, it is not surprising that the French government should regard him as our King, and treat him with royal distinction.

A FEW years ago, James Garfield, Roosevelt's Secretary of Commerce and Labor, investigated the Beef Trust, and reported that the combine only made a small profit, 4 per cent, as I remember.

That set of books, made that showing. But it now transpires that they

declared dividends of 1000 per cent *per week*, these accounts being kept in other ledgers which Garfield never saw. One subsidiary corporation whose capital stock was $17,000, the packers cleared many millions of dollars each year. After a brief preliminary of *nine years*, these law-breaking millionaires are now on trial before a jury, in Chicago. Our children may live to see the last of the case.

MR. HITCHCOCK, Postmaster-General, officially recommends the purchase of the telegraph lines, by the Government.

Thus Populism goes marching on. The R. F. D. system, the Postal Savings Banks, the direct election of Senators, the Farmers' Free List bill, the Parcels Post; the Initiative Referendum and Recall, the government ownership of telegraphs, telephones and railroads—are all to be found in the Populist platforms of 1892.

La Follette declared in a recent speech, that there was no progressive sentiment in the South. Burdened as we were by the Negro, and by mossback Bourbonism, we Old Guard Pops of Dixie went through such a storm as La Follette has never encountered.

In the State of Georgia, we have enacted into law every demand of our State platform of 1896—with two exceptions.

We have been unable to abolish the iniquitous fee system; and we have been unable to relax the strangle-hold of the School-book Trust on our Public School officials.

But we have State-wide Prohibition; we elect all of our officers, including judges; we have our convicts at work on the public roads; we had, until last year, the direct election of U. S. Senators—*and we are going to have it, again, this year, and all other years;* we no longer allow the banks to use the State's money without interest.

All of these reforms were *first* demanded by the Populists; and it was our educational propaganda that brought them into legal enactment.

Somebody ought to warn La Follette against the big head: he'll be as unendurable as Bryan, if he keeps on cultivating his Ego.

JUST one of the pictures:

Carnegie wanted to defeat McKinley, because of the Philippines. He gave $15,000 to further that purpose, and was to give $10,000 more. He suddenly changed his mind, and he helped elect McKinley. How much it cost him, does not appear. McKinley was elected, and he appointed Philander Knox Attorney General. Philander was Carnegie's lawyer. And Philander's partner became a Carnegie director. Then the Dingley tariff and the Steel Trust came along. *By the joint operation of these two*, Carnegie's profits leaped from $6,000,000 to $40,000,000 a year.

* * *

One more little picture:

The A. O. Stanley Committee has been making a loud bruit over its investigation of the Steel Trust. Martin W. Littleton, Democrat, protected John D. Rockefeller from being summoned to the witness-stand: and Somebody allowed J. P. Morgan to slip away to Europe, unsubpœnæd — although he had previously been in New York, for months.

Why was that, Mr. Stanley?

* * *

A third little picture:

Some months ago, an illegal corner on sugar was formed, and the price sent skywards. The reason given by the Trust was, a shortage in sugar production.

Then comes a closing down of the refineries in Brooklyn, and the throwing out of employment of thousands of workers, whose families are thus

plunged in all the miseries of cold and hunger.

The excuse given by the Trust was, that there was an overproduction of raw sugar and also of refined sugar.

There was no shortage when prices were put up; there is no overproduction, now that the refineries have been shut down.

Pray don't forget that tariffs are made for the benefit of Labor.

THE other day, W. J. Peerless virtually declared that if he were elected President, he would be serving a third term. When a man's mind gets into that condition he needs physic. Which one of Bryan's paramount issues has become a law? Is anything deader than Free Silver? Or the cry against Imperialism? Or the demand for a governmental guarantee of bank deposits? Was there ever anything quite so absurd as Bryan's plea for the government ownership of railroads—Uncle Sam to take the trunk-lines, and the States, the locals? Wouldn't we have a gay experience, with 47 different systems of local roads, trying to do business with Uncle Sam's trunk lines?

The truth is, Bryan ought to have been a preacher. The fact that he has no turn for practical legislation is shown by the utter barrenness of results, *in his own State*. He has, again and again, been in control of the entire administration in Nebraska; yet, I have never heard of his getting any such effective changes made *for the better*, as we have accomplished in Georgia, *where we have never been in control of a single administration.*

THERE are 921,000 Civil War pensioners on Uncle Sam's pay-rolls. What a destructive fighter the Confederate soldier was, to be sure.

President Lincoln said, in 1862, that while the Government was issuing pay for 140,000 soldiers, supposed to be in Pope's army, only 60,000 of these could be found. Apparently, then, 80,000 men had deserted.

The bounty of $777 was an encouragement to desertion from one army, and re-enlistment in another. The pay was $16 a month, besides rations and clothing.

Nobody doubts that the pension rolls are burdened by thousands of deserters, and thousands of bounty-jumpers.

IN Lawrence, Mass., the troops are charging the mill-hands with fixed bayonets. The work-people, thrown out of employment, are expected to freeze and starve, in a quiet, orderly manner. Pray do not forget that the wool tariff, and all others, are made for the benefit of the mill-hands.

CAILLAUX, Premier of the French Republic, engaged in secret negotiations with German bankers, who desired "concessions" in the French Congo. He suddenly broke off the correspondence. Soon afterwards, the German war-vessel, the *Panther*, appeared in the harbor of Agadir, Morocco. This threatening move on Germany's part, came near causing an appeal to arms. Prolonged negotiations ensued; and an amicable adjustment was made on the basis of *a cession to Germany of a portion of France's possessions on the Congo.*

The secret of the Caillaux correspondence having leaked out, a crisis was precipitated in Ministerial circles, and the entire Cabinet resigned. President Fallieres has appointed M. Poincare to the Premiership. Delcasse remains at the head of the Navy Department. Briand is Minister of Justice. Poincare, who is said to be a man of strength and integrity, will act as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It must be admitted that France's

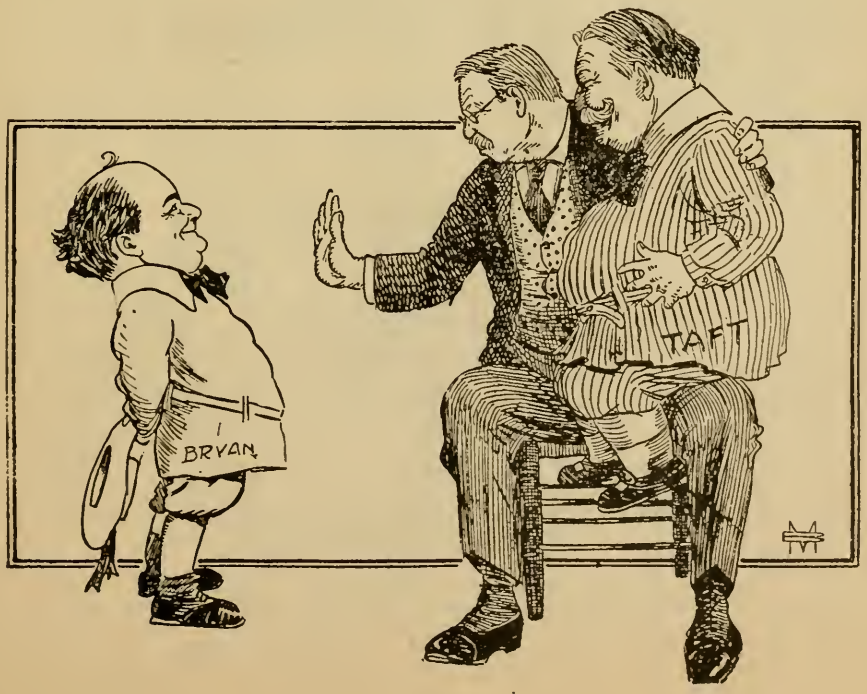
gain in the recent clash is difficult to find. It is by no means certain that she has improved her position in Morocco; while it is indisputable that Germany has strengthened herself at France's expense, on the Congo.

Count Fosco and His Friend T. R.

HENRY WATTERSON reminds us that he made a prophecy which has come true. At the time when Count Fosco—*alias* Taft—was bubbling over with love for Roosevelt, and Roosevelt, for him, Mr. Watterson predicted that within a given period they would be at daggers' point, the one with the other.

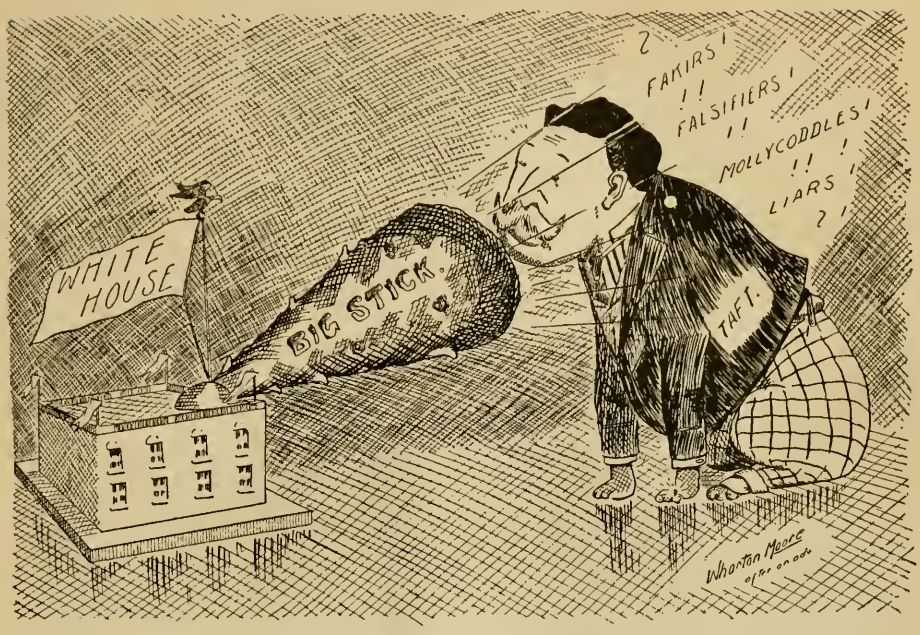
The cartoons now running, in papers and magazines, show you how the present relations of the two are understood.

It may interest and amuse you to again see the cartoons of the Damon and Pythias period. With that end in view, we reproduce a few of them.



"GO TO PAPA!"

"The Slogan" (in 1909)



"His Master's Voice"

The Baby Show

The editor of the Baby Show has developed a wondrous feeling of sympathy for all and sundry who may want to run for political office, or who try to conduct a Baby Show with photographs.

When the rash project was first started, little did the Baby Show enthusiast know what mistakes, disappointments and unexpected things could happen, but she is now wiser, sadder and much less enthusiastic.

MARIE ELOISE LAZENBY,
4½ mos., Augusta, Ga.

The wrong names will get on the wrong babies; uncles and aunts have sent photographs of lovely little nieces and nephews, but failed to give the names of the parents of the little cherubs—and you don't know what indignation is till you get a letter from an indignant mother, asking you how dare you call her little cherub the son of its Uncle Johnnie when everyone knows Uncle Johnnie ain't married.

That's awful, isn't it? But there's worse; an unmarried aunt will send in *her* little nephew or niece's photograph, and if the aunt has put on the back of the picture "property of Nellie J. Jones" and the baby figures as Susie Jones, you naturally enter it as the baby daughter of Mrs. Nellie J. Jones, and then there's more trouble.

This has all happened, as did also the making a perfectly respectable bachelor photographer the proud father of a pair of twins and the husband of a mythical "Mrs." He had sent in the twins' photographs and forgot to give the parents' names, but as his name was written on the back of the photograph, you can readily see how the overworked Baby Show editor fell into error.

LUDWIG ALEXANDER HERRING,
11 mos., Cairo, Ga.

In the January number we were unable to give any of the babies' pictures, for the reason that the Magazine was hurried, because of the holidays; a delay in "make up" would mean a late delivery of the Magazine for January, but we are making up for the omission by the number of babies we are showing this month.

A great many of the photographs entered had no ages on them, others had no addresses, and where these items are omitted in the pages, it is due to the lack of information given.

1. Minnie Lee Knight, eighteen months, Glenville, Ga.; 2, J. Samson Brantley, nineteen months, Brownville, Fla.; 3, Thomas Watson Wilkins, eighteen months, Auburn, Ga.; 4, Klaris Boyd Ray, one year, High Point, Tex; 5, Ellis Watson Minchey, Sylvania, Ga.; 6, Hugh Dudney, Magnolia, Ark.; 7, George Casper Holland, nine months Lewisport, Ky.; 8, Thomas E. Watson Denton, eighteen months, Douglasville, Ga.; 9, Eugene Perry, five months, Marietta, Ga.; 10, Ruth Hammons, nineteen months, Choudrant, La.; 11, Thurman Washington Knight, Glennville, Ga.; 12, Lora Holmes, Deepstep, Ga.

1. Hope Strickland Daniel, nine months, McDonough, Ga.; 2. Tom Watson Spence, nine months, Evergreen, Ala.; 3. Dorothy Simmons, seven months, Pendergrass, Ga.; 4. Tom Watson Hutcheson, six months, Adrian, Ga.; 5. Rufus Burt Mathews, eleven months, Villa Rica, Ga.; 6. Inez Vandiver, ten months, Corn Hill, Tex.; 7. Nellie May Taylor, one year, ten months, Carrollton, Ga.; 8. Earnest Luther McCoy, two years, three months, Carnesville, Ga.; 9. Donald Law, twenty-two months, Boaz, Ala.; 10. Isaac Vernon Gantt, two years, four months, Titus, Ala.; 11. Izadora Bullard, seven months, Farmington, Ga.; 12. Myrtis Louise Hayer, eleven months, Sharon, Ga.

1, Gladys S. Braly, Brentwood, Tenn.; 2, Thomas Watson Jones, Lake City, Fla.; 3, Richard Carlos Watson, seven months, Hathorn, Miss; 4, Thomas Elward Nevels, Sylvester, Ga.; 5, Riley Shirley, Powder Springs, Ga.; 6, Leona D. Henry, Keltner, Mo.; 7, Armand Watson Sikes, three months; 8, Elizabeth Mims, two years, eleven months, Baxley, Ga.; 9, Thomas Edward Watson King, seven months, Steprock, Ark.; 10, Joseph Alma Grimaud, Augusta, Ga.; 11, Georgia Durham Starrett, two years, Daingerfield, Tex.; 12, Elton Ezzell Logan, Ozark, Ark.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "EPISCOPALIANS" AND ROMANISTS.

Dear Sir: Please answer a few questions.

(1) What is the difference between the Roman Catholic Church and the Episcopal?

(2) Is England taxed to support the Episcopal Church?

(3) What church persecuted Roger William most, and what were the main principles for which he and his followers suffered?

Thanking you now, I am

Yours truly,

THOS. E. BAGGS.

Groveland, Ga.

Answer.

(1) The Episcopal Church does not persecute, does not hold a double-doctrine, does not send and receive ambassadors, does not stifle free speech and human liberty, does not build Bastiles to imprison helpless slave-girls and women, does not claim the power to sell transportation out of Purgatory into Heaven, does not sell remission of sins, does not claim that a Latin sentence changes bread and wine into flesh and blood, does not take vows of poverty and then eternally go on the grab for riches, does not have secret orders oath-bound to obey a chemise-wearing, petticoated old gentleman who styles himself the Papa, does not claim dominion of Kings and people, does not claim that the Italian chemise-wearer is infallible, and so forth and so on.

An Episcopal Bishop, or Minister, is a good citizen, obedient to the laws of the country in which he lives. A Romanist Bishop, or priest, cannot be a good citizen, without violating the Roman oath.

(2) Yes; by the system of tithes.

(3) The Puritan. Roger Williams stood for liberty of conscience, immersion and church independence. His principles were those of the Baptists. In fact, he organized the first Baptist Church in America, at Providence, Rhode Island.

He was one of the few colonizers who treated the Indians with common humanity. In consequence, he had no trouble with them. T. E. W.

GEORGIA AND SUFFRAGE.

Dear Sir: Being aware of your knowledge of political conditions in Georgia, I wish to ask a few questions about the Woman Suffrage movement as concerns our State. My questions are as follows:

(1) Are there any conditions in Georgia that would be helped, should the women of Georgia be given the right of suffrage? If so, what are they?

(2) Would the right of suffrage help the women?

(3) Are women and affairs in those States where this right has been given in any better condition for advancement, or is there any material change in either?

Answer.

(1) No.

(2) No.

(3) No.

Women have no more business voting with men than they have to be boxing with men.

That woman juror who had to be locked up, the other day, with eleven of the contrayest men she ever saw, did the most obstinate men she ever saw, did not enjoy herself one bit.

T. E. W.

QUERIES OF THE STOCK MARKET.

Dear Sir:

(1) Explain fully what "watered stock" is.

(2) Upon what basis (real or fictitious capitalization,) does a corporation having watered stock pay taxes?

(3) Do such corporations send in a report to the State Corporation Commission, showing their true valuation or the true amount of capital invested, or do they include the fictitious stock in such report?

(4) What does the "good will" element in capitalization consist of, and do corporations pay taxes on such element when they include it in the valuation of their plants?

(5) Name a few of the best modern economical books.

Answer.

By "watered stock," is meant the adding of more stock to that already issued, without any one having paid in more money. Or, if in the formation of a Trust, there should be issued stock and bonds, in excess of the real value of the property, such excess is called "water."

The term originated with Jay Cooke, who dealt in cattle. Just before reaching market, he would salt his cattle, and they would then fill up on water, out of the creek. This water was weighed, of course, when the beeves went to the scales; and thus Cooke got pay for the water as well as the beef.

(2) Upon actual valuation.

(3) The tax returns are made to the Comptroller-General. In case he thinks the property is not properly assessed, the question is arbitrated.

(4 Ordinarily corporations do not admit of a "good will" element. They do not pay tax on any.

(5) Am afraid to: somebody would immediately ask me the price, or where to get them. See our advertisement of "Handbook." T. E. W.

AN APPARENT CONFLICT IN SCRIPTURAL NARRATIVE.

Dear Sir: I come to you with a question which I have been unable to get a satisfactory answer to from any one. Please answer through your Magazine or paper, as I read them both. It is this:

In the xxiii. St. Luke, 43d verse, Jesus said to one of the thieves, "Today shall thou be with me in paradise." Then in xx. St. John, 17th verse, Jesus said to Mary, "Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to my father." Thus you see He told the thief that he would be with Him in paradise that day, and then, three days afterward, He told Mary that He had not been in the presence of His Father. Please give your explanation of His whereabouts during the intervening three days. I know you are not a minister of the Gospel, but I believe you are as able to answer as any mortal living.

I am enclosing a clipping from a magazine, "Life." Probably it will give you a new idea concerning the Roman Catholics.

On account of my narrow mind and feeble pen, I shall not attempt to praise or express my admiration for you. I shall merely say, I enjoy reading your paper and magazine more than any other literature. I have said time and again, and now reiterate, that I had rather read T. E. W.'s writings than any other author's, living or dead. You have my cordial co-operation and sympathy.

I shall try to send in a few new subscriptions.

Yours, with much admiration and respect, W. S. COOLEY.

R. F. D. No. 1, Wadley, Ga.

Answer.

Luke was not one of the Twelve disciples. He was not present at the Last Supper; and yet, he tells more about it than is told by those who were. John's head rested against his Master's breast; but John relates nothing about the breaking of the bread. Indeed, if we follow the Beloved disciple, we must believe that Christ instituted Foot-washing.

Luke was not at the Crucifixion: John was. Yet John does not tell us what Luke does, about the dying thief. The statement of Luke makes Jesus contradict Himself, for He had already said that He would rebuild the temple in three days—meaning that He would rise from the dead.

Where was He, during the days prior to His appearance to Mary? I can only suggest that invisibility is inseparable from divinity. He might have been anywhere.

A much greater difficulty is this:

What became of His **human** body? The dead **man**, who had walked the earth, associated wtih his fellow man, eating, drinking, sleeping, teaching, wearing the garments of man—this **human** Jesus was dead. This **human** corpse had been entombed. This **human** flesh, bones, etc., disappeared. What went with it, finally?

We must assume a miraculous destruction.

It was an apparition, a spiritual being that appeared to Mary and the disciples, though **the human form** was still worn.

That passage in John which tells of the risen Savior eating bread and broiled fish, just before His ascent to heaven, **is spurious.** John's narrative ends with the word, "Amen," in the 20th Chapter. The rest is **a Romanist forgery**, as I shall abundantly prove, in a subsequent issue of this Magazine. T. E. W.

MEN OF MARK IN GEORGIA. A. B. Caldwell, Atlanta, Ga., Publisher.

In these handsome volumes Mr. Caldwell is presenting to the public a series of biographical sketches of eminent Georgians.

Some of these sketches he himself prepared; the remainder are the work of several different hands. Ex-Gov. Northern is Editor.

The biographics begin at the beginning —that is, with the earliest period of Georgia history. They extend to the present day, including many living personages.

T. E. W.

THE OLD CEVENOL. By Robert St. Etienne. Translated from the French by Alfred E. Seddon. Cincinnati, O.: The Standard Publishing Company.

There was a time when the Protestant tide promised to overflow Continental Europe. How it was checked, is told in the blackest pages of modern history. In Germany, the butchering armies of Roman Catholics were led by Tilly and Wallenstein; in the low countries (now Holland and Belgium) by the ferocious Alva and the Duke of Parma. In France, the Guises —a duke and a cardinal—were the leaders of the Roman League, while Coligny, the Prince of Conde and the Royal House of Navarre were the chiefs of the Huguenot forces.

There were bloody battles; there were massacres, there were assassinations, Coligny is carried away in the red current of St. Bartholomew; the elder Guise had been murdered in his camp; the younger was slain in the Valois King's ante-chamber; this royal weakling was himself killed by a fanatical monk; and young Henry of Navarre, the Protestant, comes to the throne. But a frightfully civil war continues, until at last the cynical Bourbon apostacizes, is "forgiven" by the Papa, and thus wins peace and undisputed title.

When court favor became Catholic, those who lived in its light turned Catholic also; and thus Protestantism lost its princes, its men and women of high degree. Thenceforth, its home was chiefly among the people of the middle and lower classes.

While Henry of Navarre had basely abandoned the Huguenots, he could not, for very shame, leave them at the mercy of the Roman Catholics. By his famous Edict of Nantes, he gave them a restricted liberty of worship, confining them however to those places where they were already established. Furthermore, he formed mixed tribunals, half Catholic and half Protestant, to decide litigation in which the rights of Protestants were involved. Under this Edict, Huguenots were privileged to hold office, enter the professions, &c.

The wise monarch was himself assassinated by a Roman Catholic—inflamed thereto by the priests.

Then came a prolonged administration by two cardinals, Richelieu and Mazarin, after which Louis XIV. assumes the reins.

After this monster had exhausted all the carnal pleasures of "the world," he became devout. Controlled by the widow Scarron (who may have become his wife, and who is known to hisory as Madame de Maintenon) Louis fell under the dominion of his confessor, who, of course, controlled the Maintenon, also.

He was persuaded that he would glorify God exceedingly, if he would revoke the Edict of Nantes, and convert all the Protestants to the Roman faith.

Revoked the Edict was, accordingly; and regiments of Roman Catholic soldiers were ordered to the Huguenot towns and villages to convert these heretics to the true faith.

All professions were closed to the Protestants; they were disqualified to hold office; they were forbidden to assemble for public worship; their ministers were ordered to leave the Kingdom within two weeks on pain of death; and a Protestant child of seven years old was given the right to change its religion, desert its parents, choose its own guardian, and compel its father to pay it a pension!

The terrors of this military persecution is handed down to posterity under the name of "The Dragonnades." It makes the blood grow hot to read of these infernal atrocities committed upon a helpless people whose only crime was their religious belief.

In the book whose name heads this sketch a realistic narrative presents viv-

From a Photograph Showing the Last Step in Locating the Exact Center of Population of the United States.

"The Center of Population"

A Title that Fits Every Bell Telephone

From the census of 1910 it is found that the center of population is in Bloomington, Indiana, latitude 39 degrees 10 minutes 12 seconds north, and longitude 86 degrees 32 minutes 20 seconds west.

"If all the people in the United States were to be assembled in one place, the center of population would be the point which they could reach with the minimum aggregate travel, assuming that they all traveled in direct lines from their residence to the meeting place."

—*U. S. Census Bulletin.*

This description gives a word picture of every telephone in the Bell system.

Every Bell telephone is the center of the system.

It is the point which can be reached with "the minimum aggregate travel," by all the people living within the range of telephone transmission and having access to Bell telephones.

Wherever it may be on the map, each Bell telephone is a center for purposes of intercommunication.

To make each telephone the center of communication for the largest number of people, there must be One System, One Policy and Universal Service for a country of more than ninety million.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

idly the horrors which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The translator's style is admirably simple, clear and easy. T. E. W.

THE POEMS OF FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR. Collected and edited by His grand-daughter, Michelle Cutliff Ticknor. Neale Pub. Co., New York and Washington.

How much of any poet's work really lives the life immortal? How many of the bards are known to the great mass of mankind? Should we not judge the minstrels by that portion of his song that rings down the corridors of time? To adopt any other criterion, is to weigh poetry as we do coal and beef.

Dryden's epics and allegories are never read, save by the literary archeologists. But his Ode to St. Cecilia's Day will outlive the Pyramids. Nobody has the courage to "tackle" Southey's portentious Thalaba, Rhoderic, and Madoc; but some of his less ambitious work is more enduring than marble. Ben Johnson's "Drink to Me with Thine Eyes" is about the only bit of his voluminous composition that we care to remember. Who reads Campbell's "Theodoric," "Gertrude of Wyoming" and "Pleasures of Hope?" Very few. But everybody is familiar with "Hohenlinden," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "Lochiel's Warning" and "Battle of the Baltic." How much of Shelley survives? Not his ponderous "Revolt of Islam," surely; not his "Julian and Maddola;" not his "Witch of Atlas." But his "To the Skylark" will never die; nor will his "Mont Blanc." His rhapsody on "Intellectual Beauty" is one more immortal; but beyond these three, not many more can be quoted. "Queen Mab," indeed, is still read, but more because of its daring radicalism than for its poetic merit.

Coming to our own country: does any mortal nowadays read more than half-a-dozen of the short poems of Longfellow and Lowell? Does anybody—in his right mind, I mean—deliberately read "Evangeline" and "The Spanish Student?" Does anyone voluntarily wade through Lowell's "Biglow Papers," and "Vision of Sir Launfaul?" It is to be doubted. But all the world knows Longfellow's "Nightfall" and his "Song of Life;" just as everybody knows Lowell's perfect little poem, "After the Burial."

But what has all that to do with the works of Francis Orray Ticknor, the Georgia doctor of medicine, who, between pills and plasters, composed poetry? Just this: Doctor F. O. Ticknor is just as sure to become a fixed star in the firmament of English literature as any of those that I have named, for the reason that he wrote as many inspired lines as any one among them. And the quality of Ticknor's best work is every whit as fine as that of Thomas Campbell, or that of Longfellow.

Suppose that you soberly and independently compare Dr. Ticknor's work with that of Edgar Poe—Poe's rhyme, I mean. Can you tell what Poe is driving at, in his "Dalume?" If so, please let me know by return mail. What is the meaning of his much-vaunted "Raven?" If Poe himself is to be taken seriously, he meant nothing by it. That is my own opinion. Indeed, some of the lines are palpably absurd. Poe had caught a certain trick of repetition and refrain from his friend, Dr. Cheever, of Decatur, Ga., and he intoxicated himself on it. From him, it went to Charles Algernon Swinburne, who wore it to a frazzle. **Poe's genius is in his prose.** His poetry is vague, mystifying, morbid, without a noble sentiment to thrill one's blod, or pathos to draw a tear.

In Dr. Ticknor's best work there is a blazing lucidity that leaves no possible doubt of his meaning. His war-lyrics are veritable trumpet blasts, kindling the fire in the most sluggish veins.

In his poems of home, and sentiment, there is an exquisitely delicate touch of tenderness which reminds me of the "Cameos" of Walter Savage Landor.

The poetry of Byron and Edgar Poe have but two living subjects: Byron and Poe. Even in Byron's matchless lines to his sister, it is his precious self that he pities and soothes. So with the lesser light; if Poe ever got out of himself, it was to bewail some one who was dead; and his lost "Lenore" was as mythical a person, as was the "Dulcinea" of Don Quixote.

In Dr. Ticknor's poems there is no diseased mind, no simulated griefs, no exhibition of ulcerated wounds, no monstrosities of selfishness. He is rational; he is intelligible, his sympathies move out of himself, his humor is genial, and his lyric inspiration as manifest as the impassioned outburst of an Italian improvisatore, or an Irish orator.

There is no sweeter blossom of poesy than "Twilight on Torch Hill." And I have never read anything that makes my blood tingle as does Ticknor's "The Sword in the Sea." **It electrifies one, like "Dixie," and the "Rebel Yell."**

"Loyal" is also a masterpiece. Of its kind it has no rival; and its kind is of the noblest, for it is a story of deathless devotion to troth and duty. "The Virginians of the Valley," "Little Giffin," "Our Left," "The Hall" and "Our Great Captain" are some of the gems of this glorious collection.

(I beg to suggest that the hero of the poem "Labor-Sacrifice" was Bishop Leonidas Polk who fell in the Civil War, while serving as a general. A note to that effect would add human interest to the piece and would render it more intelligible.

If I am not greatly mistaken "Gracie of Alabama" was **not** General Chilton, but was **General Gracie.**

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Again, the "Our Left" in the body of the book is misnamed. See the "Our Left" in Paul Haynes' critique in the prefatory portion of the volume.) T. E. W.

IN QUEST OF AZTEC TREASURE. By Arthur Howard Noll and Bourdon Wilson. The Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

This novel is decidedly interesting, although the action is confined to a brief period of time. There is no real quest of Aztec treasure.

The scene is laid almost entirely in Mexico City. The reader is given illuminating statements concerning Mexican history, revolutions and development. We enter the palace of the Montezumas and meet Diaz and Gonzales face to face.

Reminiscences of the Maximilian episode, of the Santa Anna regime and the Juarez overthrow of the Roman hierarchy, abound.

The description of conditions in Mexico and of the manner in which government and the courts operate there, is no doubt true to life.

The heroine is a beautiful Indian girl, who has been tenderly, jealously reared by an American adventurer. The girl's mother had been sought in marriage by the American, but her people had compelled her to wed an Indian. The mother died under the mistreatment of her husband, who was soon afterwards killed in battle.

This American adventurer comes into the possession of papers which apparently describe the whereabouts of a fabulous treasure; and these papers, shown to Diaz at the crisis of the story, save the life of the

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Indian girl's sweetheart—he having been virtually doomed for participation in a revolt against the Gonzales-Diaz government. T. E. W.

A STUDY IN SOUTHERN POETRY. By Henry Jerome Stockard. The Neale Publishing Co., New York.

This volume is intended for use in schools and colleges, as well as in the Library. It is admirably suited to the purpose.

Preceding the selections from each poet, there is a short biographical summary. The book is a useful collection, and lives up to its name, for it is a study in Southern poetry.

There is no disputing about taste; and therefore, it would be captious for me to criticise the poems chosen to illustrate the various authors. In some instances, it appears to me that the most exquisite work of the poet is left out.

For instance, nearly the whole of Poe's poetry is re-published, and yet "Eldorado" and "For Annie" are omitted. If those are not two of the best things he ever wrote, I am no judge of that kind of literature. "For Annie" is fully as subtle as "The Raven"; and "El Dorado" is a wonder of a short, complete, terrific sketch of the vanity of human ambition.

Again, take the selections from Henry Timrod: They are good, but are they the best? Is there anything in the verse-work of this unhappy and neglected South Carolinian better than his "Decoration-Day" lines? Read them and then say what can be finer, in their way than the 2nd, 3rd and 5th stanzas.

Neither does Mr. Stocard select Timrod's poem on Spring—surely a daintily beautiful thing.

Candidly, I must confess that I see several names in this very valuable collection who were unknown to me, as poets. That is not, however, the fault of Mr. Stockard.

P. P. Cooke, J. M. Legare, Rosa V. Jeffrey, J. B. Hope, John Esten Cooke, W. W. Harney, T. H. Hill, Sarah Piatt, J. L. Spalding, W. G. McCabe, J. H. Boner, J. B. Tabb and some others are poets whose acquaintance I make—and am pleased to make for the first time. However, I miss some old familiar faces, such as Mirabeau Lamar, Joel Chandler Harris, A. R. Watson; and Mr. Stockard includes some living poets, among them A. C. Gordon, Wm. N. Hayne, F. L. Stanton, and **Henry Jerome Stockard.**

That's all right; but why leave out Henry S. Edwards, Don Marquis, Mrs. Clara Dargan, Mrs. Mary Chapin Smith, Miss Ada Mosher, and Charles W. Hubner? J. T. Hudson, of Lincoln County, Ga., has published several poems that are perfect in thought, sentiment and diction. So has Ralph M. Thomson. T. E. W.

CONSTITUTION OF MAN, IN THE PHYSICAL, PSYCHICAL AND SPIRITUAL WORLDS. By E. L. Dohoney, author of "Man, His Origin, Nature and Destiny"; "Anarchy, Socialism, and Communism"; "The Progress of Philosophy," etc. The Reed Publishing Co., Denver, Colo.

This volume of three hundred and sixty-two printed pages is made up of extremely interesting matter. It takes one into a world of thought which is decidedly a new world.

In his treatment of the subject of the action of the sub-conscious mind, the author is peculiarly happy in his method and rich in his material.

Much that has happened in my own experience convinces me that he is correct in his position. There are, in some men and women, two distinct operations of the mind, of one, of course, we are conscious, of the other, we are not.

On the subject of telepathy, or the communication of soul with soul over magnetic lines, either awake or asleep, there is abundant testimony sustaining the author's contention.

We may go a step further and demonstrate that there is such a thing as a distant event, a tragical one, usually, communicating itself over these magnetic lines to some other person who is usually asleep at the time the fact is received into

the sub-consciousness, leaving such an impression that it is vividly remembered when the sleeper awakes. During the last half dozen years the newspapers have published, as items of indisputable news, instances of this.

Many interesting instances are cited in Mr. Dohoney's work. T. E. W.

A LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER. By Lovick Pierce Winter. Publishing House M. E. Church, South. Nashville, Tenn.

A most readable biography. The author's style is remarkably good. All of the material facts in the career of the great Reformer are given.

It has always seemed to me that Luther made a great mistake in not boldly taking part with the fearfully oppressed peasants, thus heading off the insurrection. He admitted that they were entitled to a redress of their grievances, and he proposed arbitration. But the German princes were determined that their hateful system should endure; and the consequence was the Peasant's War, in which the frenzied underlings committed all sorts of desperate deeds, for which they were atrociously punished. Driven back to their Yoke, the Peasants went into it carrying a bitter hatred of Martin Luther. Thus at the very beginning of the Reformation, it lost touch with the German proletariate.

After quoting the text of the Indulgences which John Tetzel was peddling, (see Chap. on Roman Hierarchy,) the author of this latest Life of the Reformer says:

"This precious document was most assuredly a 'plenary indulgence.' It pardoned all sins, past, present, and to come. It released from all penalty, ecclesiastical, purgatorial, and heavenly. By a single stroke of the pen it made a Christian out of a thief, a murderer, or a blasphemer. It virtually abrogated all law, human and divine. It closed the gates of hell forever against the vilest sinner who paid for it. It opened wide the gates of heaven to the most abandoned wretch who would chink the change into Tetzel's money box.

"Surely no being but the devil himself ever before or since ventured to speak or write such unspeakable profanity. And all this in the name of the holy Catholic Church! And, worse still, in the name of the Holy Trinity!

"Catholic writers admit now that there were abuses in connection with the sale of these indulgences. But Rome has never officially repudiated these indulgences nor the profane mountebank who sold them in the Catholic Churches under papal authority. And it was because Luther appealed to the Pope to stop the sale of these indulgences that he was put under the ban of the Church, and escaped the stake only because the Papacy could not lay its vengeful hands on him. And because others since then have believed as Luther did, and have refused to bow the knee to the Roman Pontiff and the Romish power, they have forced the Inquisition and the fires of martyrdom; and 'semper idem' is the proud boast of Rome. It was reserved for the Nineteenth Century for a general council to declare that the successors to the infidel, Leo X., are infallible. Leo, then, must not have been infallible.

"Possibly the conclusion reached in the preceding sentence may be too hasty. Let us see. Is the Pope of Rome infallible ex officio, or was he infallible by a decree of the General Council? Did the council that sat in 1870 make Pius IX. infallible, or did it merely recognize a pre-existent fact? If papal infallibility depends upon the decree of a council, then the council must be infallible; but if an infallible council makes an infallible papacy, does it not part with its own infallibility? Is it infallible when it thus surrenders its own infallibility? If a general council is ever infallible, is it not forever infallible? If it is not infallible always, is it infallible at any time? Since a general council cannot make an infallible Pope without surrendering its own infallibility and thus proving that it is not infallible at all, then the Pope of Rome is essentially infallible.

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If this reasoning be correct, then Leo was infallible, Alexander Borgia was infallible, and the female who is said to have occupied the papal chair for a time, becoming a mother while Pope, was infallible. Then since the Popes are said to be infallible when they set forth the doctrines of the Church, and since Leo X. was announcing a doctrine of the Church when he authorized the sale of indulgences, and since one infallible Pope cannot contradict another infallible Pope, it would be highly inconsistent for the Romish hierarchy to condemn or disclaim the action of Leo in throwing these indulgences on the market.

"An infallibility that changes with every occupant of the chair of St. Peter would not be consistent with itself. Some things are suggested to the mind by contrast, and when studying this matter of the sale of indulgences one is apt to think of the case of Simon Magus, the sorcerer, who offered Simon Peter money for the power to bestow the Holy Ghost upon men by the laying on of hands, and Peter's answer: 'Thy money perish with thee.'

"But the infallible Leo could quite easily reverse the fallible Peter (no general council had elected Peter Pope) and accept the money that came to him from his duly authorized agent, John Tetzel. But the story of these indulgences has not all been told. They were not merely efficacious in the case of the living by reason of the fact that they secured pardon from all sin, past, present, and future, and assured the ultimate salvation of those who bought them; they availed even for the dead. Tetzel, with the skill of the modern spellbinder, appealed pathetically to the living in behalf of the dead. Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, children and grandparents were in purgatory. Back from this spiritual limbo they cried out for help to their earthly relatives: 'You can help us and you will not!' And then the veracious Tetzel would exclaim: 'These imprisoned souls, your loved ones, will fly away to heaven just as son as the money rattles in the box!'

"And of course, the money rained into the hands of this trusted servant of the Pope and the Church. What mattered it if he was a bit loose in his morals? No sinner could bestow divine pardon upon other sinners, since he 'in virtue of the power vested in him,' was forgiving sinners right and left, and was anxious to forgive all who would pay the price of pardon; he was, in the very nature of things, not amenable to the law of God or man, and could go into taverns and drink to drunkenness and indulge in his lust in houses of ill fame. True, such conduct had been specially forbidden by those who had given him his authority, but these higher officials could not take away from him with the left hand what they had given him with the right. Was he not earning money for the Church? Was he not preparing a shelter for the bones of the Holy Apostles? Did he not earn all he received? Was he not morally immune? He would go where he pleased and do what he pleased. He was spending his own money.

"Back of Tetzel in the sale of these indulgences was Albert, Archbishop of Mayence and Magdeburg. Wittenberg itself was in Albert's diocese, and he was therefore Martin Luther's superior, to whom he was, of course, responsible.

"The night before these theses were posted on the door of the Wittenberg Church, the wise Frederick dreamed a strange dream. In his vision he saw a monk writing something on the door of the Church at Wittenberg, using a pen whose staff reached to the city of Rome. This staff could not be brokened, though it scraped the very ears of the Pope, and all the dignitaries of the Church sought to break it. And there were other pens; and as they wrote all Europe was in an uproar. Then the good prince awoke in a fright, and the next morning he told his dream to his companions at breakfast; and all wondered what this strange dream might mean. Some of them lived long enough to see history interpret its meaning.

"Frederick dreamed that this wonder-working pen was made from a feather plucked from a Bohemian goose a hundred years old!"

The author describes the appearance of Luther before the Diet of Worms. Then he adds:

"After Luther had finished this address and had repeated it in German the prince held a short consultation, and then Eck, speaking for the emperor, rebuked him sharply for calling in question the decisions of councils and relying upon Scriptures to sustain his heresies, already adjudged as such by Rome. He then demanded an answer 'without horns.'

"This evidently aroused the hot-blooded Luther. 'Since you ask it,' said the reformer, 'you shall have an answer without horns or teeth. I cannot and will not retract anything.' He declared that he could not allow councils to dictate his faith; they had not been consistent with themselves. Eck denied this, and Luther declared his readiness to prove it. Badgered further by the papal attorney, he uttered those famous words: 'Unless I be convinced by Scripture and reason, I neither can nor dare retract anything, for my conscience is a captive to God's word. And it is neither safe nor right to go against conscience. There I take my stand. I can do no otherwise.

" 'God help me! Amen.'

"This defense was the Magna Charta of Protestantism. It asserted the superiority of the Bible over Popes and General Councils. It declared the right of private judgment. It announced the freedom of faith. It set at naught the teachings of the Romish hierarchy for ten centuries.

"Its boldness and clearness of perception astonish us even now." T. E. W.

THE A. B. C. OF POTATO CULTURE. By T. B. Terry and A. I. Root. The A. I. Root Publishing Co., Medina, Ohio.

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"THE HAPPY HOURS OF YESTERDAY." By Hugh Ray Nolen, Clarksville, Tenn.

"UNDER THE LAMP WITH BEN HOPE." By J. S. Love, Filbert, S. C. (Sold by the author, who is a shut-in.)

"FACTS." By Albion Gates, Arroll, Maine. Price 25c.

"WAYS OF MEN." By Samuel H. Lyle, Jr., Franklin, N. C. Published by the author.

"PLAIN TALKS AND TALES." By Thos. F. Lockhart, Wellington, Mo. Price 40c.

"LEISURE MOMENTS OF A TRAVELLING MAN." By Oliver Allstorm. J. F. Duncan Pub. Co., LaGrange, Tex, Publishers.

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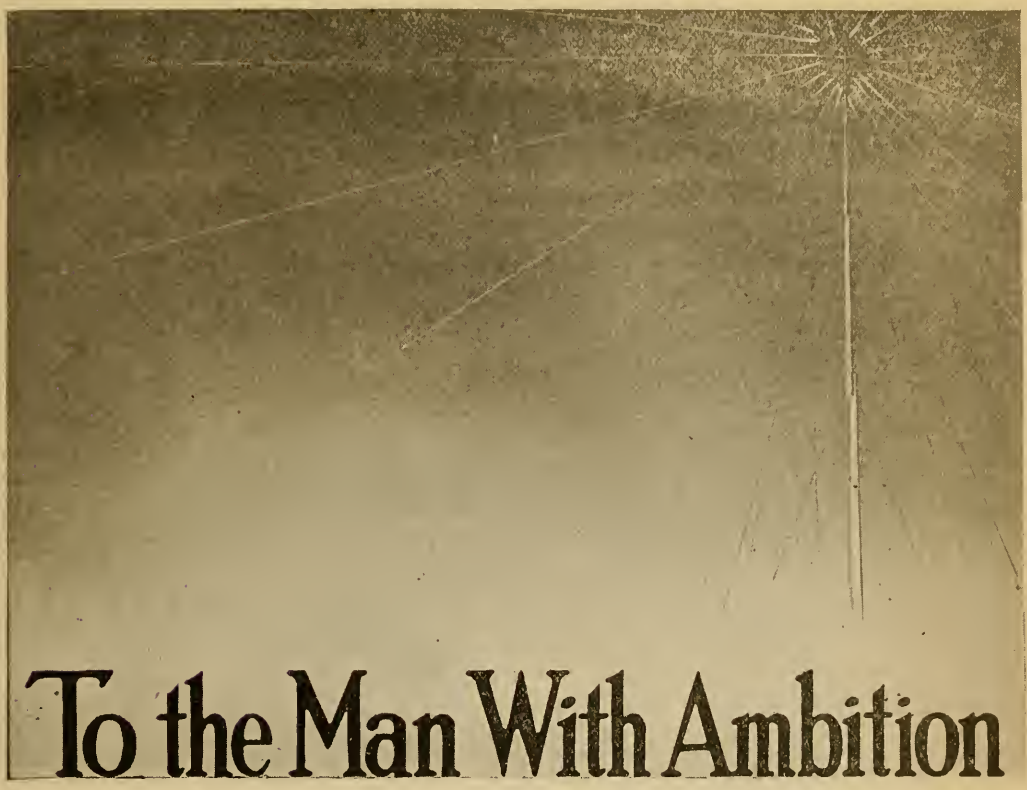

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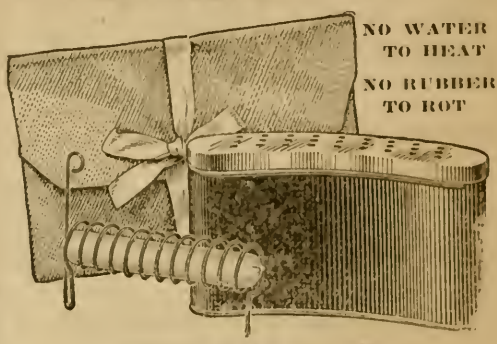

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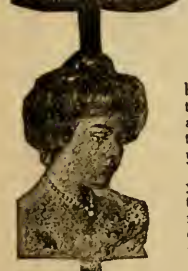

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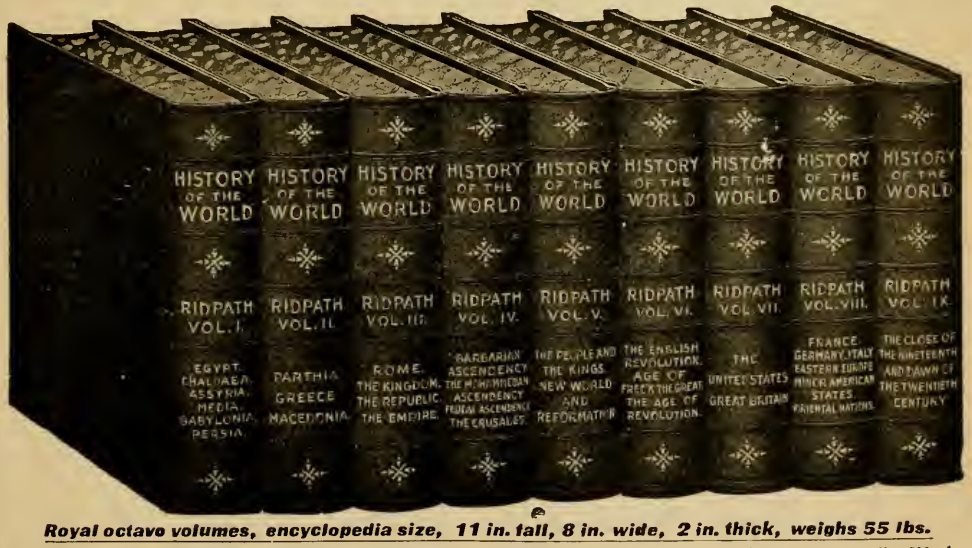

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